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WITH EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"A Group on the Royal Yacht"

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DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. POIGNAND, R.N.

A fire having broken out in one of the houses in the principal street in Corfu, the authorities thought it necessary to summon the assistance of the Fleet, which was then anchored off the town. The fire

engines of all the ships were at once landed, and the bluejackets went to work with such a will that the fire was speedily extinguished.

A FIRE AT CORFU: THE HANDY MAN TO THE RESCUE

Topics of the Week

OWING to the meeting of the Cape Parliament the centre of political interest in South Africa has shifted from Pretoria to Cape Town. An influential section of Loyalist opinion in Cape Colony regards the meeting of Parliament with undisguised alarm, and every day we are assured in telegrams from Cape Town that a situation eminently prejudicial to Imperial interests is gradually developing. It must be confessed that so far the facts do not justify these gloomy warnings. The Parliamentary situation is complicated, and the Dutch members cannot altogether hide their soreness at the hardships suffered by their constituents during the war; but of a dangerous political crisis there is no sign. On the contrary, the prophets of evil, who comprise almost the whole Progressive party, are themselves not a little discredited. It will be remembered that they originally petitioned for the suspension of the Constitution on the grounds that only in that way could tranquillity be assured to the country, and the necessary indemnities for the violation of the Constitution during the war secured. Mr. Chamberlain, on the advice of the Cape Premier and his colleagues, declined to accede to this proposal. Since then Parliament has met, and its proceedings have not been marked by any serious outburst of racial passion. Moreover, the House of Assembly has accepted the Indemnity Bills without demur. This seems to have angered the Progressives, and with a great deal of talk about Dutch "slimness" they resolved to wash their hands altogether of the Premier, Sir Gordon Sprigg, and to elect another leader. The Premier responded by coming to terms with the Dutch members, and his Cabinet is now practically in alliance with the Bond. This, of course, has given rise to further alarmist outcries. Sir Gordon Sprigg is reproached with treachery, due to an inordinate desire to hold on to office. The direst consequences of his enslavement by the Bond are foretold. These statements are scarcely fair. In the present situation in Cape Colony, a responsible statesman may well be excused for holding party ties lightly. Sir Gordon Sprigg having saved the Constitution by personally guaranteeing the loyalty of Parliament and the adoption of Indemnity legislation, could not allow himself to be forced from office while he yet had an opportunity of carrying out his task. It has also to be remembered that he did not join the Bond until his own followers had solemnly renounced him. As to the dangers of his new alliance, it will be time to get excited about them when the premonitory symptoms become indisputable. Up to the present the only result has been that most of the legislation for which the Progressives have shown the greatest anxiety has been passed. The chief end of all statesmanship in South Africa to-day must be to allay as soon as possible the passions excited by the war, and to combine the two races in cordial and patriotic co-operation. These ends transcend all party ties, and if Sir Gordon Sprigg's co-operation with the Bond will advance them, everybody should rejoice. In itself, co-operation with the Bond is scarcely a Progressive heresy, since it was first practised by the great hero of Progressivism, the late Mr. Rhodes himself.

ALTHOUGH the rural voice is full of complaint, only fine warm weather during September is required to bring the harvest of 1902 up to the average. It is not the *annus mirabilis* which seemed likely to be its record a few weeks back; the heavy rains and high winds of August blackened that prospect. But neither will the farmer have cause to look back on Coronation year as a second 1879, unless September proves exceptionally unpropitious. On balancing the account of gains and losses up to date, it comes out very clearly that the aggregate yield leaves little room for grumbling. The hay crop is admitted to be of exceptional magnitude; the cyclist and motorist can see that from the plethoric condition of the rick-yards as they whirl past the smiling homesteads. That, therefore, is something in hand, and a very substantial something, too, while the later rains have, at all events, started wonderful growth of grass to replace that converted into hay. Not often at this time of the year are cattle and sheep so bountifully furnished with green meat by nature. Coming to cereals, wheat, barley, and oats alike need a spell of fine weather; granted that,

and they are bound to reward the farmer fairly well for his speculative enterprise. In some parts of the Kingdom these fine upstanding grain-crops have been badly laid by storms, and must, consequently, be cut with the hand instead of by the reaping machine. But that drawback is made amends for by the length and weight of the straw; had not the wheat grown so lustily, passing storms would have produced less damage. Roots are acknowledged to promise a record yield all round, and what between this splendid supply and the feeding furnished by the aftermath, the agricultural mind should be quite at ease about next winter's keep. Potatoes and hops are the only really poor crops, disease having laid hold of both. But any loss on them should be much more than made good by the other gains, always provided that next month substitutes sunshine and dryness for sombre skies and constant moisture.

Motor Driving

MANY owners of motors consider it a grievance that they have to pay such high wages to skilled professional drivers. These experts are in such eager demand that they sometimes earn incomes which would set the mouths of hundreds of clergymen watering, not to speak of the bitter envy of coachmen when told of such extravagant earnings. No doubt, the matter will adjust itself when the unfailing laws of supply and demand come into full operation. But the motor-owner who insists on travelling at the speed of an express train, without coming to grief, will always have to pay heavily for exceptional skill and nerve in his driver. It looks simple enough to steer straight, and even to dodge a reasonable amount of traffic. So it is; the art can be as easily acquired as that of driving horses at moderate speed. But to tool a drag, with a high-spirited team at a gallop on a rough road or down hill, as the old coaching heroes were prone to do when behind time, needs a special combination of qualities not bestowed on humanity at large. The motor, too, has, or seems to have, peculiar vices of its own when pressed to its highest pace. Who has not seen it suddenly swerve half across the road or give a sort of convulsive leap into the air without any apparent cause? During the last two or three months, these erratic machines have rushed into shops through the windows, have butted trees and lamp-posts, and in one or two instances have dashed backwards when invited to run forwards. Such curious performances on the part of machinery can only be explained by attributing them to lack of skill or of nerve in the human agent: even the most costly of motors is not guided by demonic influence. The moral is, therefore, that any owner not content to travel at, say, fifteen or twenty miles an hour must make up his mind to pay very high wages to secure the requisite qualities in his charioteer.

French Population Statistics

THE stationary character of the French population from a numerical standpoint, is usually attributed solely to the exceptionally low birth-rate. But the information collected and lately published by the Bureau de l'Hygiène shows that a secondary cause contributes to prevent augmentation of population. Not only is the birth-rate lower than in any other European country of the first rank, but the death-rate is considerably higher than that of England. So to speak, therefore, our neighbours are burning the candle of national life at both ends, and, so long as that is the case, there cannot possibly be any surplus available for the founding of Colonies. Putting aside, then, the deficient birth-rate as not within reach of effective remedial measures, the Government should address itself to diminishing the death-rate. That, at all events, is within its power; by giving greater attention to sanitation, both urban and rural, it could make sure of a large measure of success. There is nothing in the soil, climate, or geographical position of France to kill off human beings more quickly than if they were domiciled in England. On the contrary, these governing conditions of longevity are more favourable beyond the Channel than on this side. It is also undeniable that the French are a more sober and more thrifty nation than the English, and ought, therefore, to enjoy better health. But so far from that being the case, their annual death-rate of 21.9 per thousand compares with a British rate of 18.2, a difference equal to 144,000 more deaths in the year, population for population, than would have occurred on this side of the Silver Streak.

A CAMERA FOR A LIE.

A Special Prize Competition for Amateur Photographers is announced in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE dignity of the Coronation pageantry is surely depreciated by the spectacle of a Peeress sitting on show in her garden in her Coronation robes, admission threepence, even if the motive be charity. The present tendency towards personal advertisement is considerably overdone, and might with advantage be checked. Drawing-room teas to friends no doubt suggested the idea, but I cannot think it an example deserving of imitation. In addition, Coronation robes and jewels require a room and electric light to show to advantage, and in the garish daylight of a garden would be very incongruous and exceedingly trying to good looks. Time and place are, after all, great factors in the right conceptions of beauty. Peeresses' chairs, I hear, are also to be sold.

This is the season for railway travelling. Even the most sedentary of persons start on a journey, and the question of luggage becomes a serious matter in view of comfort. The tons of boxes some people take with them has so impressed porters that a common question of theirs is now, "Do you belong to this luggage, sir?" The mountain of impedimenta being so great it naturally follows that you, the owner, are swamped by it. Of course, ladies of fashion and the luxurious sportsman must require every kind of costume, guns, golf-clubs, fishing-rods, with the appropriate suit to be worn with each, and the innumerable shaving tackle, scents, essences, and their accompanying dressing requirements, but why should the ordinary mortal burden himself with such quantities of things which require perpetually to be packed and unpacked, and invariably decline to fit into the space available? On old lady of my acquaintance travels sensibly with a leather bag, containing one dress, a change of linen, and a bonnet (she was very particular on that point). I have known men who bought linen as they went along; but there is surely a happy medium in these things, and the traveller whose luggage is not his curse and his punishment enjoys his holiday doubly.

I tumbled the other day on an amusing little book of "Fables for the Fair," written by one of them. In its pithy little pages is summed up a great deal of worldly wisdom, and common sayings are turned eccentrically to good philosophy. Thus, in the fable of "The Woman who Helped her Husband," we are told that when he came to her with a sad countenance after a slump in the City he was inclined to take the gloomiest view of everything, and informed her they were practically ruined. Like a true woman, she said "Come out and have some lunch; let us go to the Carlton and have a nice little bird, and you will feel better." The husband, after some demur, complied, and the wife paid for a satisfactory luncheon. At the conclusion of it the husband felt better, went back to Capel Court, and made fifteen thousand pounds in thirty-eight minutes. Moral—"This teaches us that digestion is the better part of valour."

I note that fire drill is now advocated for women. There is a ladies' fire brigade at Armidale, in New South Wales. Girton College has always had its fire drill, an example followed by many collegiate establishments for young ladies, and in numerous other cases women have taken an active part in collecting subscriptions and interesting themselves in fire drill and the work of the brigade. Anything that tends to save life and to develop coolness and presence of mind in the face of danger cannot fail to be of advantage. Half the loss of life at fires is owing to the panic, and the absence of composure with which a big fire is sure to infect the inexperienced beholder.

The sad death of five children, when paddling near Whitby, ought to make parents more careful in studying the tides and the dangers of the seashore. The story is always the same. The persons overtaken by the sea never observed its progress. Yet the tide rises gradually, and is one of the first objects that strikes one when looking at the sea. Children should never be allowed to paddle at any distance from the shore on an unknown coast, and people who cannot swim should be careful how they trust themselves to the sea. Year after year these preventable accidents occur, as do our mountaineering accidents, and yet nobody ever becomes wiser or profits by experience. It is, I suppose, a reckless trait of the British people, just as it proved difficult to teach our soldiers to take cover and not to expose themselves foolishly to the unerring marksmanship of the Boers, to whom they appeared silhouetted plainly against the sky.

The Church of Rome has, I believe, announced that it will no longer sanction the marriage of Royal cousins. By dispensation it was possible to obtain permission to marry your niece or your uncle, as well as your cousin. None of these degrees of consanguinity should be permitted, for the results are deplorable. We in England marry our first cousins, and the practice is a bad one. Cousins frequently have the same delicacy, the same tendency to disease, the same hereditary faults or vices, which come out doubly in their children. Cousins form a delightful relationship, combining the familiarity of brothers and sisters with the charm of strangers, but marriages should never be mooted or allowed. There is the whole world to choose from; then why marry one's cousin? It lies with parents to distinctly prevent any idea of love-making at the very beginning of the intimacy.

People who rail at the extravagance of English actresses should read of the debts left by poor Wanda de Bronza, the young Polish actress of the Comédie Française, who died recently after an operation. Scarcely was the breath out of her body than the crowd of dressmakers, jewellers, and milliners put in an appearance. To Paquin she owed six thousand pounds, to Doucet four thousand. Her brougham, upholstered in white satin, was one of the prettiest carriages in Paris, her house a museum of fountains and marble and gold. She was a spoilt beautiful butterfly, with a bright future before her.

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TERRORS OF THE BASTILLE. DRAGON ROUGE.

A CLIMB ON THE PYRENEES.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILITARY BANDS.

The Royal Commission on Tuberculosis

It will be remembered that an International Congress on Tuberculosis was held in London last summer, and that much interest was aroused by a statement made at one of the meetings by Professor Koch which appeared to be an almost direct contradiction to his previously expressed opinion on the nature of consumption as it exists in human beings and cattle. The importance of this statement was realised at once, but it was generally felt that, in spite of the great weight rightly attached to any opinion expressed by Koch, the evidence he brought forward in support of it was hardly sufficient to establish the fact that bovine and human tuberculosis were practically two different diseases, and that much additional investigation would have to be carried out to prove its truth or otherwise. The Government accordingly appointed a Royal Commission last September to settle a matter that is not only of the greatest moment to agriculturists all over the country, but is even of greater importance from the point of view of public health and the prevention of consumption.

Directly the Commission was appointed, Sir James Blyth came forward and placed two of his farms at its disposal. These farms are situated near Stansted, in Essex, at a convenient distance from London, and it is here that the Commission is carrying out its experimental work. Not the least of the many advantages that these farms afford is the fact that cattle had not previously been kept at either of them, Blythwood having been occupied by Sir James Blyth's well-known stud of horses, and the buildings at Walpole having been only just completed, and that, therefore, there was no fear of either of them having been previously infected by tuberculous cattle.

The Commission has now for some months been at work. New buildings have been erected, including a perfectly equipped laboratory and a crematorium for the absolute destruction of all infected material at each farm. Each laboratory is in charge of an Assistant Commissioner, residing at the place and giving up the whole of his



Mr. Cecil Rhodes's father was vicar of this church, and the house in which the great statesman was born is close by. Our photograph is by A. Maxwell, Bishop Stortford

THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, BISHOP STORTFORD

time to carrying out the elaborate series of experiments and observations designed by the Commission. The Commissioners themselves pay frequent visits to the farms as well as being in constant communication with them, and the whole of the work, down to the smallest detail, is being done under their personal and direct control.

The help and co-operation of Sir James Blyth in providing such an exceptionally favourable place for these experiments have been invaluable, and his generosity in freely giving up the use of his farms for two or three years has earned the gratitude, not only of the Commission, but also of the nation, which will eventually benefit by the results of its investigations.

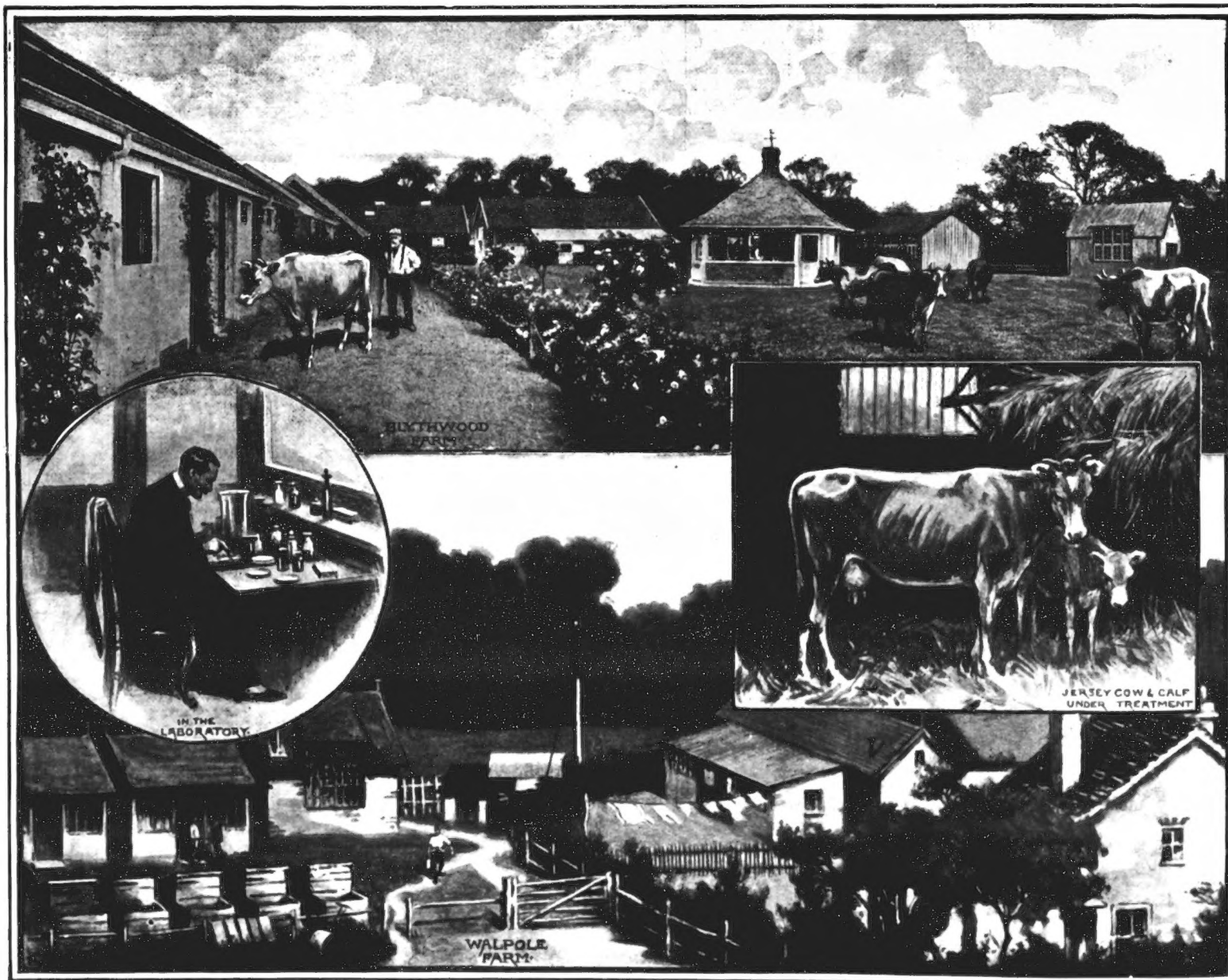
The Bystander

"Stand by,"—CAPTAIN CUTLER.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

A VERY good tale is told of an American gentleman who was staying at one of the Righi hotels for the purpose of seeing the sun rise—which, when the weather is fine, is a spectacle well worth beholding. This enthusiast got up very early, turned out in the cold and shivered in the twilight. And he continued to shiver in the twilight. Instead of a magnificent panorama unfolding itself in golden glory, in the place of seeing blue lakes as on a map, rivers like silver threads and rose-flushed ranges of snow-mountains, a thick, murky, obstinate fog rolled up, becoming denser every minute, and remained without a sign of its passing away till it was time to have breakfast. When this astute citizen of the United States received his bill previous to his departure, he carefully checked it and then gazed fixedly at it for a few moments as a merry twinkling smile o'erspread his countenance. He then took his pencil and wrote at the foot of the bill, "*By Sun not coming up to time, smiling—20 francs.*" and calmly deducted that sum from the total.

Whether the deduction was allowed or not I am unable to say. Should the example of the aforesaid traveller be followed in this country it may possibly lead to a good deal of litigation, and possibly several nice points of law will be raised. If tourists visit a certain hotel to see a particular view, and that view is shrouded by meteorological obstinacy, it would be interesting to learn if the landlord were responsible. If he were, the deductions from hotel bills during the hopeless weather we have recently experienced would be something enormous. For instance, I was lately staying at an excellent country hotel for the Polo Week, but owing to the constant rain I was only able to view the contests once. But, as far as I can see, I have no legal remedy. I am reduced to the commonplace condition of grinning and bearing the disappointment.



VIEWS ON THE FARMS AT STANSTED AND BISHOP STORTFORD LENT TO THE GOVERNMENT BY SIR JAMES BLYTH

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON TUBERCULOSIS

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



DRAWN BY J. BASH, R.I.

The Boers who are now returning to their farms find no barbed wire fence or other obstacle to bar their progress. But the blockhouses still remain, though their garrisons, who a few months ago would have greeted the burghers' appearance with a well-directed musketry fire, now welcome them and offer them hospitality, which the Boers on their side are only too eager to accept.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. G. STONOR

THE PIPE AND COFFEE OF PEACE: BOERS AND BRITONS FRATERNISING ROUND A BLOCKHOUSE WATCH-FIRE



PRIVATE J. BARRY



CAPTAIN D. R. YOUNGER



LIEUTENANT G. H. R. COULSON



LIEUTENANT R. J. T. DIGBY-JONES

HEROES WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS

It would be very pleasant if those public benefactors who encourage the planting of trees in London would look after the beautification of the courtyards of our railway termini in this direction. Charing Cross would be an excellent spot to try the experiment. A row of planes planted just behind the ornamental iron railings would take up no room, and would interfere with nobody. They would give infinite value to the *façade* of the hotel, and cast a delightful shadow over the cabstand and the footway. And think how grateful to the eye would be this display of greenery, which would be visible from so many different points of view. I earnestly entreat the South Eastern Railway Company to give this matter their serious consideration. The courtyard at Victoria and other stations I could name could be treated in similar fashion to the greatest advantage. There is also another place to which the tree-planters might devote their attention. That is the paved delta opposite the National Portrait Gallery, which is now the temporary resting-place of Onslow Ford's statue of General Gordon. When this excellent memorial is removed it is to be hoped the notion of planting trees around this open space may be seriously considered. I noticed the other day that James II. had been removed from his pedestal to make way for Coronation seats in Whitehall. Why should he not occupy the place to be shortly vacated by Gordon? Then you would have some chance of appreciating this fine statue, whereas amid the bushes and railings of the gardens of Gwydyr House it is well-nigh lost sight of altogether.

A writer in the *Daily Mail*, in commenting on my note with regard to the deterioration of clubs, seems to agree with me that these institutions have greatly advanced in luxury during the last few years, but that, in many instances, the quality of the members has scarcely kept pace with this improvement. He is a little inclined to think that the multiplicity of clubs has not a little to do with their deterioration in this respect. He says:—"There are so many of them to-day that men will not wait the weary time that used to be necessary to gain admission to the more exclusive, and the result has been that many—indeed, most—of the older clubs have had to relax their rules." This is true enough. At clubs where candidates used to have to wait years for election they now come up in as many months. Another reason I have heard given for the deterioration of clubs is the way in which so many are overrun by strangers in the present day. Some of the most select clubs yet remaining, and those which are most in harmony with the traditions of the past, are those which do not admit any strangers whatever. Years ago the very fact of a man being a member of the Grampus or the Oleander gave him a certain amount of social distinction. I doubt if it would do so now, even if those select circles were still in existence.



H.M. MUZAFFER-ED-DIN, SHAH OF PERSIA

From a Photograph taken at the King's request on board the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* by J. Russell and Sons, Southsea

Victoria Cross Awards

THE Victoria Cross has been delivered to the representatives of the undermentioned officers and private who fell during the recent operations in South Africa in the performance of acts of valour which would, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the Field, have entitled them to be recommended for that distinction had they survived:—

CAPTAIN D. R. YOUNGER, of the Gordon Highlanders, during the action near Krugersdorp, on July 11, 1900, volunteered for and took out the party which successfully dragged a Royal Artillery waggon under cover of a small kopje, though exposed to a very heavy and accurate fire at only 850 yards range. He also accompanied the second party of volunteers who went out to try and bring in one of the guns. During the attempt he was mortally wounded, dying shortly afterwards. His cool and gallant conduct was the admiration of all who witnessed it, and had Captain Younger lived, the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief in South Africa would have recommended him for the high award of the Victoria Cross at the same time as Captain W. E. Gordon of the same regiment.

LIEUTENANT R. J. T. DIGBY JONES, Royal Engineers, and No. 459 TROOPER H. ALBRECHT, Imperial Light Horse, would have been recommended for the Victoria Cross had they survived, on account of their having, during the attack on Wagon Hill (Ladysmith) of January 6, 1900, displayed conspicuous bravery and gallant conduct in leading the force which re-occupied the top of a hill at a critical moment, just as the three foremost attacking Boers reached it, the leader being shot by Lieutenant Jones and the two others by Trooper Albrecht.

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT G. H. P. COULSON, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, 7th Mounted Infantry, during a Rearguard action near Lambrecht Fontein, on the 18th of May, 1901, seeing Corporal Cranmer, 7th Mounted Infantry, dismounted, his horse having been shot, remained behind and took him up on his own horse. He rode a short distance, when the horse was shot, and both Lieutenant Coulson and the corporal were brought to the ground. Lieutenant Coulson told Corporal Cranmer to get along with the wounded horse as best he could, and he would look after himself. Corporal Cranmer got on the horse and rode away to the column.

PRIVATE J. BARRY, of the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, during the night attack on January 7 and 8, 1901, on Monument Hill, although surrounded and threatened by the Boers at the time, smashed the breech of the Maxim gun, thus rendering it useless to its captors, and it was in doing this splendid act for his country that he met his death.

Our portrait of Private Barry is by A. Nielson, Kilkenny, and that of Lieutenant Coulson by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Court

THE King's taste for yachting leads him to a thorough knowledge of the beauties of English coast scenery. Since leaving Cowes last week the *Victoria and Albert* has carried her Royal passengers along our south-western coasts, and is now cruising up northwards along the western shores. The Queen and Princess Victoria are with His Majesty, besides several friends, and whilst thoroughly enjoying his holiday King Edward keeps in touch with all necessary State business. Every day the yacht puts into some important harbour where correspondence can be received and despatched, while two torpedo-destroyers are in constant attendance to carry letters to and from. The Royal party have had some rough weather and a good deal of rain. As a rule, the King's visit to the various ports is kept quite private, but His Majesty sometimes receives the chief local officials. The inhabitants invariably turn out in force to catch a glimpse of the yacht, and decorations and illuminations are hastily improvised, but the secret of the Royal route is well guarded, so that the arrival is usually unknown to the general public till the vessel is actually on the spot.

The Royal party started from Cowes amid salutes and cheers from the beflagged yachts in the roadstead. The King and Queen had been ashore just before leaving to say good-bye to Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Queen Alexandra was very pleased with a parting gift from the Cowes Horticultural Society of a lovely basket of La France roses and pink carnations. It was a beautiful afternoon when the *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by the cruiser *Crescent*, steamed down in less than three hours to Weymouth Bay, where she anchored amidst salutes from the warships and forts. In the early morning hours the yacht was off again down Channel, meeting two torpedo-destroyers with despatches off the Eddystone. The little boats formed part of the Royal convoy, while the yacht passed Falmouth, rounded the Lands End, and ran up to Milford Haven, arriving in heavy wind and rain. The night was spent anchored off the Weir Buoy, between the town of Milford and Pembroke Dockyard. Happily, the weather cleared next morning, so the King and Queen, with Princess Victoria, landed at the dockyard, and drove through the town to Brownslade, seven miles away, to spend the day with Colonel F. W. Lambton, great-uncle to Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who commands the *Victoria and Albert*. Coming back through Pembroke in the evening, the Royal party found their road crammed with spectators cheering loyally. The yacht left early on Sunday morning, called at Holyhead for despatches in the afternoon, and later reached Douglas

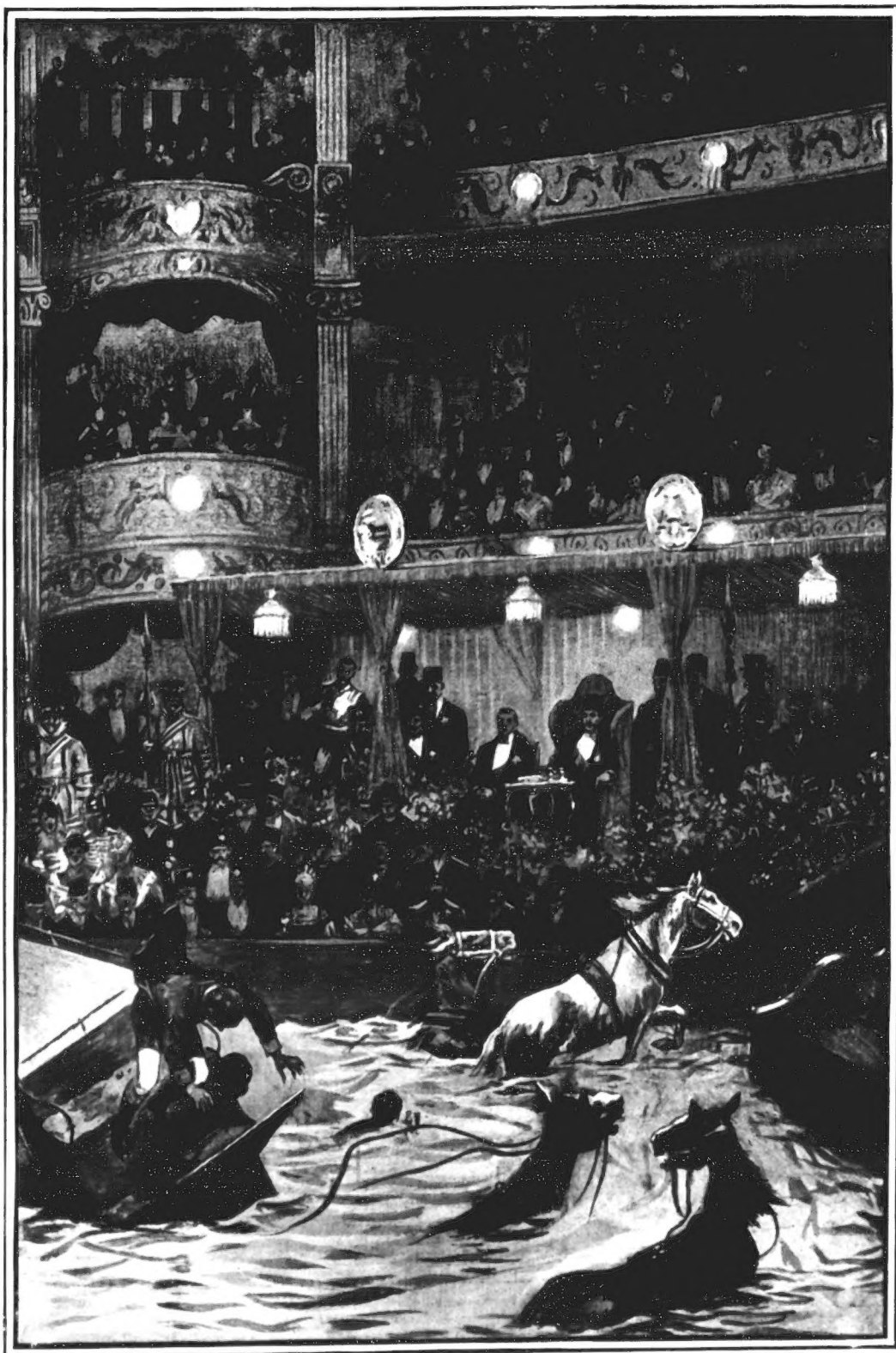
Bay, Isle of Man. During their short stay their Majesties received the speaker of the House of Keys, Mr. Moore, but they left again in an hour's time for Ramsey, where they anchored for the night and received the Acting Governor. Houses and public buildings illuminated impromptu and the sea-front was soon thronged. It is more than forty years ago since the Isle of Man saw the reigning Sovereign, and even then, when Queen Victoria and Prince Consort came to Ramsey in their yacht, the Queen did not land. The Royal cruise will probably last for some little time, although it depends on the weather how long the King and Queen will be before they settle down at Balmoral. Later, it will be decided whether their Majesties go to Denmark or receive instead a visit in the Highlands from King Christian and some of the Danish Royal Family.

Meanwhile other members of the Royal House are gradually gathering in the Highlands. The Prince of Wales has now joined the Princess and children at Abergeldie, after spending a few days on his way with Lord Ripon at Studley Royal for shooting. The Prince had excellent sport on the Dallowgill Moors. The Duke and Duchess of Fife and their little girls will shortly arrive on Decide from Duff House, Banff, where they have been giving various Coronation entertainments to the tenants. Although Duff House is by far the finer residence, the Duchess prefers Mar Lodge, which she mainly designed. The King's other daughter, Princess Charles of Denmark, is at her Norfolk house, Appleton Hall, whilst her husband has gone back to Copenhagen for a short visit.

A Royal wedding of some interest to our own Royal House takes place this week—the marriage of Prince Nicholas of Greece with the Grand Duchess Helen Vladimirovna. The bridegroom is nephew to Queen Alexandra, Prince Nicholas being the third son of King George of Greece. He is thirty years old, and a keen soldier, having seen service in the campaign against Turkey, whilst he also has literary and artistic tastes. He was over here a few weeks ago at the Coronation. The Grand Duchess Helen is the only daughter and fourth child of the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia—uncle and aunt to the present Tsar. She is just twenty, and has spent much of her life in France, her mother being especially fond of Paris. She was engaged previously for a short time to Duke Max of Baden who has since married one of our Queen's nieces, the elder daughter of the Duke of Cumberland.

THE SHAH'S VISIT

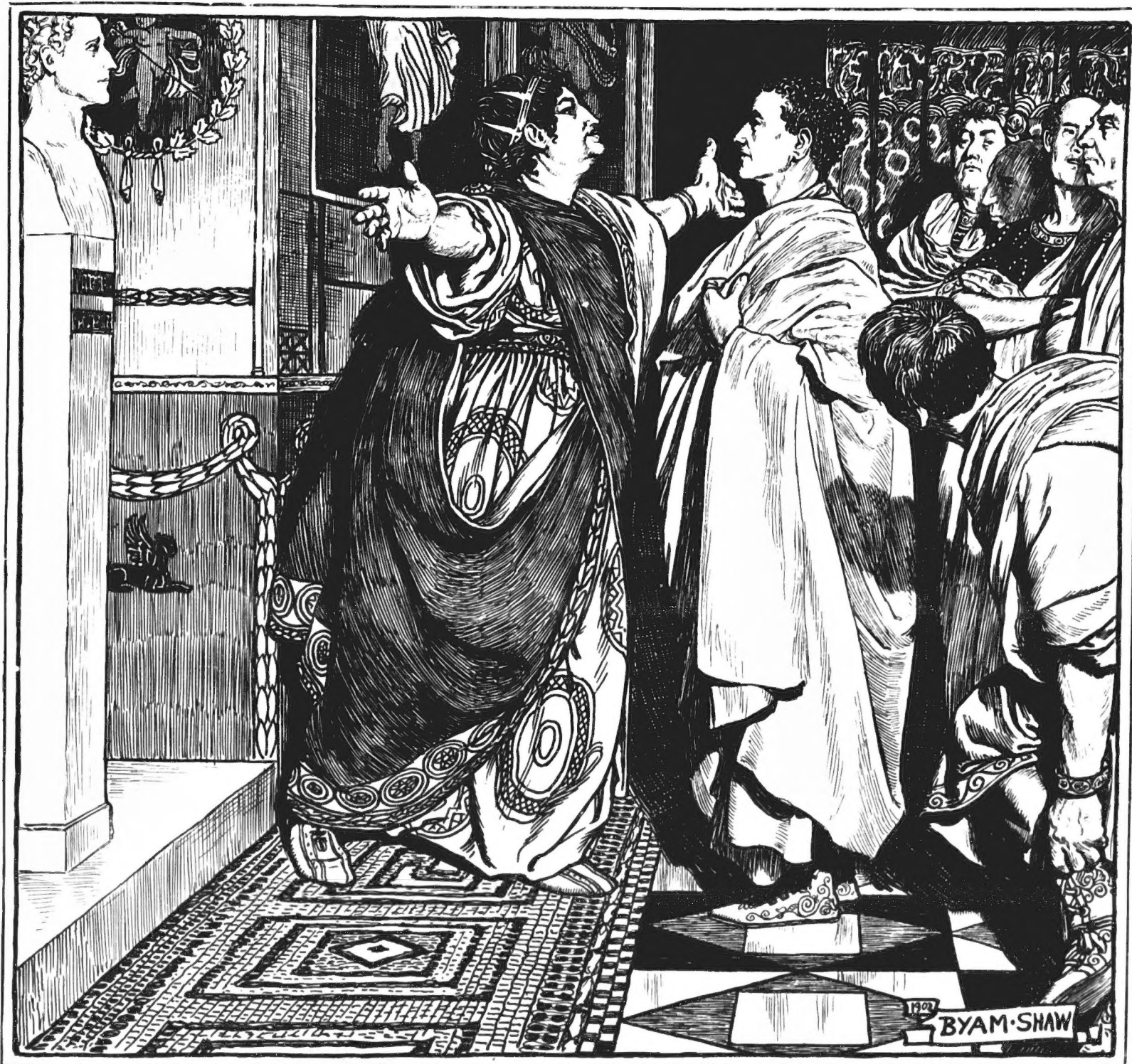
The Shah of Persia has left us, well pleased with his visit. He was a most energetic sightseer, and his experiences varied from witnessing gun-making and fireworks to inspecting Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle and wondering greatly over the animals at the Zoo—to say nothing of shopping and receiving deputations. On Thursday His Majesty visited the Hippodrome. A prettily-arranged box, draped with white, had been constructed facing the stage, bearing in its front the arms of Persia and the triple plume of the Prince of Wales, set about with palms and plants, and beautifully lighted. Several Yeomen of the Guard, in their full dress and bearing their halberds, were stationed in this Royal box. The Shah and his suite seemed to be particularly pleased with the riding of M. Salamonsky and his "statue horse," and though the plot of the play of *The Bandits* must have been more or less incomprehensible to the visitors, they were much interested at seeing the arena converted into a pond and fully appreciated the sensational scene at the end when the coach is overwhelmed. As a Sovereign with a keen eye to his country's defences His Majesty was greatly interested in the Maxim works, while being a fine shot himself he studied the fire-arms as an expert. Further he was delighted to fire off a Maxim gun. The Shah was still more impressed by the work at the Woolwich Arsenal, where the steam hammer and the cooling of a gun-tube in oil were almost too much for His Majesty's nerves. When the hammer came down with a crash he put his fingers in his ears and he almost fled from the blast furnace and the shell-casting as "the work of Shaitan." The review on Woolwich Common, however, greatly delighted the Shah, who was specially struck by the splendid fashion in which the horse-batteries thundered past. Saturday was devoted to Windsor, the Shah and Prince Arthur of Connaught going first to the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, where His Majesty laid a magnificent wreath of Marshal Niel roses and laurel on Queen Victoria's tomb. The Shah stood before the tomb in prayer for some moments. Later His Majesty went over the Castle, where he had tea in the Brunswick Tower, whence the view much delighted him, and the day was finished at the Crystal Palace for the fireworks. This was one of the shows the Shah most enjoyed, especially when his own likeness appeared in fire, and he could touch a button which produced fire-portraits of the King and Queen. A Sunday visit to the Zoo always delights an Oriental potentate, and as Persia is poor in birds and beasts the Shah saw many creatures he had never yet beheld. For instance, the hippopotamus, which His Majesty thought very ugly, and declared that all such beasts ought to be killed, while the giraffe was equally condemned. Snakes fascinated the Shah. The kangaroos and the ant-eaters also proved interesting, but the climax was reached in the parrot-house, where His Majesty wanted to buy up half the collection. This being impossible, he commissioned Mr. Bartlett to make him a special collection. Moreover the Shah promised to send the Gardens some Persian gazelles and stags, as he considers our specimens decidedly inferior. On Monday His Majesty left London for Dover, the same State being observed on his departure as on his arrival, and crossed the Channel to Calais. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has been his companion throughout, saw His Majesty off, and the Shah showered compliments and expressions of delight with his visit all around. He takes home quantities of English goods, ranging from guns and gunpowder to cameras and every kind of small fancy articles. He has also ordered ten motors, as His Majesty is greatly taken with motoring, and wants to drive himself.



THE SHAH'S VISIT TO THE HIPPODROME: WITNESSING THE CATASTROPHE IN "THE BANDITS"
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



REAR-ADMIRAL IJUIEN OF THE JAPANESE NAVY
FROM THE PORTRAIT DRAWN BY PAUL RENOARD AT A SPECIAL SITTING IN THE JAPANESE WARSHIP "ASAMA"



"What land had the honour to bear the genius who wrought this work?"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XII.

THE RING, THE NECKLACE AND THE LETTER

So Miriam came to Tyre, where, for many months, her life was peaceful and happy enough. At first she had feared meeting Caleb, whom she knew from her grandfather was dwelling there, but, as it chanced, he had left the city upon business of his own, so for the while she was free of him. In Tyre were many Christians with whom she made friends and worshipped, Benoni pretending to know nothing of the matter. Indeed, at this time and place it was the Jews rather than the Christians who were in danger at the hands of the Syrians and Greeks, who hated them for their wealth and faith, threatening them continually with robbery and massacre. But as yet that storm did not burst, and in its brewing the Christians, who were few, humble, and of all races, escaped notice.

Thus it came about that Miriam dwelt in quiet, occupying herself with her art of modelling and going abroad but little, since it was scarcely safe for her, the grandchild of the rich Jew merchant, to show her face in the streets. Though she was surrounded by every luxury, far more than she needed, indeed, this lack of liberty irked

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her who had been reared in the desert, till at times she grew melancholy and would sit for hours looking on the sea and thinking. She thought of her mother who had sat thus before her; of her father who had perished beneath the gladiators' swords; of the kindly old men who had nurtured her; and of the sufferings of her brothers and sisters in the faith in Rome and at Jerusalem. But most of all she thought of Marcus, her Roman lover, whom, strive as she would, she could never forget, no, not for a single hour. She loved him, that was the truth of it, and between them there was a great gulf fixed, not of the sea only which ships could sail, but of that command which the dead had laid upon her. He was a pagan and she was a Christian, and they might not wed. By now, too, it was likely that he had forgotten her, the girl who took his fancy in the desert. At Rome there were many noble and lovely women—oh! she could scarcely bear to think of it. Yet night by night she prayed for him, and morn by morn his face arose before her half-awakened eyes. Where was he? What was he doing? For aught she knew he might be dead. Nay, for then, surely, her heart would have warned her. Still she craved for tidings, and alas! there were none.

At length tidings did come, the best of tidings. One day, wearying of the house, with the permission of her grandfather

and escorted by servants, Miriam had gone to walk in the garden that he owned to the north of that part of the city on the main land, which was called Palatyrus. They were lovely gardens, well-watered and running down to the sea-edge, and in them grew beautiful palms and other trees, with fruitful shrubs and flowers. Here, when they had roamed awhile, Miriam and Nehushta sat down upon the fallen column of some old temple and rested. Suddenly they heard a footstep, and Miriam looked up to see before her a Roman officer, clad in a cloak that showed signs of sea-travel, and, guiding him, one of Benoni's servants.

The officer, a rough but kindly-looking man of middle age, bowed to her, asking in Greek if he spoke to the lady Miriam, the grand-daughter of Benoni the Jew, she who had been brought up among the Essenes.

"Sir, I am she," answered Miriam.

"Then, lady, I, who am named Gallus, have an errand to perform," and drawing from his robe a letter tied with silk and sealed, and with the letter a package, he handed them to her.

"Who sends these?" she asked, hope shining in her eyes, "and whence come they?"

"From Rome, lady, as fast as sails could waft them and me. And the sender is the noble Marcus, called the Fortunate."

"Oh!" said Miriam, blushing to her eyes, "tell me, sir, is he well?"

"Not so well but that such a look as that, lady, would better him, or any other man, could he be here to see it," answered the Roman, gazing at her with admiration.

"Did you then leave him ill? I do not understand."

"Nay, his health seemed sound, and his uncle Caius being dead his wealth can scarce be counted, or so they say, since the old man made him his heir. Perhaps that is why the divine Nero has taken such a fancy to him that he can scarce leave the palace. Therefore I cannot say that Marcus is well to-day, since sometimes Nero's friends are short-lived. Nay, be not frightened, I did but jest, your Marcus is safe enough. Read the letter, lady, and waste no time. As for me, my mission is fulfilled. Thank me not, it is reward enough to have seen that sweet face of yours. Fortunate indeed is the star of Marcus, and, though I am jealous of the man, for your sake I pray that it may lead him back to you. Lady, farewell."

"Cut the silk, Nou," said Miriam. "Quick. I have no knife."

Nehushta obeyed smiling and the letter was unrolled. It, or those parts of it which concern us, ran thus:

"To the lady Miriam, from Marcus the Roman, her friend, by the hand of the Captain Gallus.

"Dear friend and lady, greeting. Already since I came here I have written you one letter, but this day news has reached me that the ship which bore it foundered off the coast of Sicily. So, as Neptune has that letter, and with it many good men, although I write more ill even than I do most things, I send you another by this occasion, hoping, I who am vain, that you have not forgotten me, and that the reading of it may even give you pleasure. Most dear Miriam, know that I accomplished my voyage to Rome in safety, visiting your grandsire on the way to pay him a debt I owed. But that story you will perhaps have heard.

"From Tyre I sailed for Italy, but was cast away upon the coasts of Melita, where many of us were drowned. By the favour of some god, however—ah! what god I wonder—I escaped, and taking another ship came safely to Brundisium, whence I travelled as fast as horses would carry me to Rome. Here I arrived but just in time, for I found my uncle Caius very ill. Believing, moreover, that I had been drowned in the shipwreck at Melita, he was about to make a will bequeathing his property to the Emperor Nero, but by good fortune of this he had said nothing. Had he done so I should, I think, be as poor to-day as when I left you, dear, and perhaps poorer still, for I might have lost my head with my inheritance.

"As it was I found favour in the sight of my uncle Caius, who a week after my arrival executed a formal testament leaving to me all his land, goods, and moneys, which on his death three months later I inherited. Thus I have become rich, so rich that now, having much money to spend, by some perversity which I cannot explain, I have grown careful and spend as little as possible. After I had entered into my inheritance I made a plan to return to Judaea, for one reason and one alone—to be near to you, most sweet Miriam. At the last moment I was stayed by a very evil chance. That last which you made of me I had managed to save from the shipwreck and bring safe to Rome—now I wish it was at the bottom of the sea, and you shall learn why.

"When I came into possession of this house in the Via Agrippa, which is large and beautiful, I set it in a place of honour in the antechamber and summoned that sculptor, Glaucus, of whom I have spoken to you, and others who follow the art, to come and pass judgment upon the work. They came, they wondered, and they were silent, for each of them feared lest in praising it he should exalt some rival. When, however, I told them that it was the work of a lady in Judaea, although they did not believe me, since all of them declared that no woman had shaped that marble, knowing that they had nothing to fear from so distant an artist whoever he might be, they began to praise the work with one voice, and all that evening until the wine overcame them, talked of nothing else. Also they continued talking on the morrow, until at length the fame of the thing came to the ears of Nero, who also is an artist of music and other things. The end of it was, that one day, without warning, the emperor visited my house and demanded to see the bust, which I showed to him. For many minutes he examined it through the emerald with which he aids his sight, then asked:

"What land had the honour to bear the genius who wrought this work?"

"I answered, 'Judaea,' a country, by the way, of which he seemed to know little, except that some fanatics dwelt there, who refused to worship him. He said that he would make that artist ruler of Judaea. I replied that the artist was a woman, whereon he answered that he cared nothing, that she should still rule Judaea, or if that could not be managed, he would send and bring her to Rome to make a statue of him to be set up in the Temple at Jerusalem for the Jews to worship.

"Now I saw that I had been foolish, and knowing well what would have been your fate, my Miriam, had he once set eyes on you, I sighed and answered, that alas! it was impossible, since you were dead, as I proved to him by a long story with which I will not trouble you. Moreover, now that he was sure that you were dead, I showed him the little statuette of yourself looking into water which you gave me. Whereon he burst into tears, at the thought that such an one had departed from the earth while it was still cursed with so many who are wicked, old and ugly.

"Still he did not go, but remained admiring the bust, till at length one of his favourites who accompanied him, whispered in my ear that I must present it to the Emperor. I refused, whereon he whispered back that if I did not, assuredly before long it would be taken, and with it all my other goods, and, perhaps, my life. So, since I must, I changed my mind and prayed him to accept it; whereon he embraced, first the marble and then me, and caused it to be borne away then and there, leaving me mad with rage.

"Now I tell you all this silly story for a reason, since it has hindered and still hinders me from leaving Rome. Thus: two days later I received an Imperial decree, in which it was stated that the incomparable work of art brought from Judaea by Marcus, the

son of Emilius, had been set up in a certain temple, where those who would please their Emperor were desired to present themselves and worship it and the soul of her by whom it was fashioned. Moreover, it was commanded that I, Marcus, whose features had served as model for the work, should be its guardian and attend twice weekly in the temple, that all might see how the genius of a great artist is able to make a thing of immortal beauty from a coarse original of flesh and blood. Oh! Miriam, I have no patience to write of this folly, yet the end of it is, that except at the cost of my fortune and the risk of my life, it is impossible for me to leave Rome. Twice every week, or by special favour, once only, must I attend in that accursed temple where my own likeness stands upon a pedestal of marble, and before it a marble altar, on which are cut the words: 'Sacrifice, O passer-by, to the spirit of the departed genius who wrought this divine work.'

"Yes, there I sit, I who am a soldier, while fools come in and gaze first at the marble and then at me, saying things for which often I long to kill them, and casting grains of incense into the little fire on the altar in sacrifice to your spirit, whereby I trust it may be benefited. Thus, Miriam, are we ruled in Rome to-day.

"Meanwhile, I am in great favour with Nero, so that men call me 'the Fortunate,' and my house the 'Domus Fortunata,' a title of ill-omen.

"Yet out of this evil comes some good, since because of his present affection for me, or my bust, I have now and again for your sake, Miriam, been able to do service, even to the saving of their lives to those of your faith. Here there are many Christians whom it is an amusement to Nero to persecute, torture, and slay, sometimes by soaking them in tar and making of them living torches to illuminate his gardens, and sometimes in other fashions. The lives of sundry of these poor people he has given to me, when I begged them of him. Indeed, he has done more. Yesterday Nero came himself to the temple and suggested that certain of the Christians should be sacrificed in a very cruel fashion here as an offering to your spirit. I answered that this could give it little pleasure seeing that in your lifetime you also were a Christian. Thereon he wrung his hands, crying out, 'Oh! what a crime have I committed,' and instantly gave orders that no more Christians should be killed. So for a while, thanks to your handiwork, and to me who am called 'the Model,' they are safe, those who are left of them.

"I hear that there are wars and tumults in Judaea, and that Vespasian, a great general, is to be sent to quell them. If I can I will come with him, but at present—such is the madness of my master—this is too much to hope, unless, indeed, he wears suddenly of the 'Divine Work' and its attendant 'Model.'

"Meanwhile I also cast incense upon your altar, and pray that in these troubles you may come to no harm.

"Miriam, I am most unhappy. I think of you always and yet I cannot come to you. I picture you in many dangers, and I am not there to save you. I even dare to hope that you would wish to see me again, but it is the Jew, Caleb, and other men who see you and make offerings to your sweet beauty as I make them to your spirit. I beseech you, Miriam, do not accept the offerings, lest in some day to come, when I am once more a soldier and have ceased to be a custodian of lusts, it should be the worse for those worshippers, especially Caleb.

"What else have I to tell you? I have sought out some of the great preachers of your faith, hoping that by the magic whereof they are said to be masters, they would be able to assure me of your welfare. But to my sorrow they gave me no magic—in which it seems they do not deal—only maxims. Also, from these I bought for a great sum certain manuscripts written by themselves containing the doctrines of your law, which I intend to study so soon as I have time. Indeed, this is a task which I wish to postpone, since did I read I might believe and turn Christian, to serve in due course as a night-light in Nero's gardens.

"I send you a present, praying that you will accept it. The emerald in the ring is cut by my friend, the sculptor Glaucus. The pearls are fine and have a history which I hope to tell you some day. Wear them always, beloved Miriam, for my sake. I do not forget your words—nay, I ponder them day and night. But at least you said you loved me, and in wearing these trinkets you break no duty to the dead. Write to me, I pray you, if you can find a messenger. Or, if you cannot write, think of me always as I do of you. Oh! that we were back together in that happy village of the Essenes, to whom, as to yourself, be all good fortune. Farewell,

"Your ever faithful friend and lover,

"MARCUS."

Miriam finished her letter, kissed it, and hid it in her bosom. Then she opened the packet and unlocked the ivory box within by a key that hung to it. Out of the casket she took a roll of soft leather. This she undid and uttered a little cry of joy, for there lay a necklace of the most lovely pearls that she had ever seen. Nor was this all, for threaded on the pearls was a ring, and cut upon its emerald bezel the head of Marcus, and her own head taken from the likeness she had given him.

"Look! Nou, look!" said Miriam, showing her the beautiful trinkets.

"A sight to make old eyes glisten," answered Nehushta, handing them. "I know something of pearls and these are worth a fortune. Happy maid, to whom is given such a lover."

"Unhappy maid who can never be a happy wife," sighed Miriam, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"Grieve not, that still may chance," answered Nehushta, as she fastened the pearls about Miriam's neck. "At least you have heard from the marriage and he still loves you, which is much. Now for the ring—the marriage finger—see how it fits."

"Nay, I have no right," murmured Miriam, still she did not draw it off again.

"Come, let us be going," said Nehushta, hiding the casket in her ample robe, "for the sun sinks, and to-night there are guests to supper."

"What guests?" asked Miriam absently.

"Plotters, every one," said Nehushta shrugging her shoulders. "The great scheme to drive the Romans from the Holy City ripens

fast and your grandsire waters its root. I pray that we may not all of us gather bitter grapes from that vine. Have you heard that Caleb is back in Tyre?"

"Caleb!" faltered Miriam, "No."

"Well, he is. He arrived yesterday and will be among the guests to-night. He has been fighting up in the desert there, and bravely, for I am told that he was one of those who seized the fortress of Masada and put its Roman garrison to the sword."

"Then he is against the Romans?"

"Yes, because he hopes to rule the Jews and risks much to gain more."

"I do not wish to meet him," said Miriam.

"Nay, but you must, and the sooner the better. Why do you fear the man?"

"I know not, but fear him I do, now and always."

When Miriam entered the supper chamber that night, the guests to the number of twelve were already seated on the couches waiting for the feast to begin. By her grandfather's command she was arrayed in her richest robes fashioned and brodered after the Grecian fashion, having her hair gathered into coils upon her head and held with a golden net. Round her waist was a girdle of gold set with gems, about her throat the necklace of pearls that Marcus had sent her and on her hand a single ring, that with his likeness and her own. As she entered the great chamber, looking most lovely, notwithstanding her lack of height, her grandfather came forward to meet her and present her to the guests, who rose in greeting. One by one they bowed to her and one by one she searched their faces with her eyes, faces for the most part stern and fierce. Now all had passed and she sighed with relief, for among them there was no Caleb. Even as she did so a curtain swung aside and Caleb entered.

It was he, of that there could be no doubt, but oh! how changed since last she had seen him two years before. Then he had been but a raw, passionate youth; now he was a tall and splendid young man, very handsome in his dark fashion, very powerful of frame and quick of limb. His person was matched by his attire, which was that of an Eastern warrior noble, and his mien was proud and conquering. As he advanced the guests bowed to him in respect, as to a man of great and assured position who may become greater still. Yes, even Benoni showed him this respect, stepping forward to greet him. All these greetings Caleb acknowledged lightly, even haughtily, till of a sudden he saw Miriam standing somewhat in the shadow, and heedless of the other guests pushed his way towards her.

"Thus we meet again, Miriam," he said, his proud face softening as he spoke and his eyes gazing on her with a sort of rapture. "Are you pleased to see me?"

"Surely, Caleb," she answered. "Who would not be pleased to meet the playfellow of her childhood?"

He frowned, for childhood and its play were not in his thoughts. Before he could speak again Benoni commanded the company to be seated, whereon Miriam took her accustomed place as mistress of the house.

To her surprise Caleb seated himself beside her on the couch that should have been reserved for the oldest guest, who for some moments was left a wanderer and wrathful till Benoni, seeing what had passed, called him to his side. Then, golden vessels of scented water having been handed by slaves to each guest in turn, the feast began. As Miriam was about to dip her fingers in the water she remembered the ring upon her left hand and turned the bezel inwards. Caleb noted the action, but said nothing.

"Whence come you, Caleb?" she asked.

"From the wars, Miriam. We have thrown down the gage to Rome, and she has picked it up."

She looked at him inquiringly and asked, "Was it wise?"

"Who can tell?" he answered. "At least it is done. For my part I hesitated long, but your grandfather won me over, so now I must follow my fate."

Then he began to tell her of the taking of Masada and of the bloody struggles of the factions in Jerusalem.

After this he spoke of the Essenes, who still occupied their village, though in fear, for all about them was much fighting; and of their childish days together—talk which pleased her greatly. Whilst they spoke thus, a messenger entered the room and whispered something into the ear of Benoni, who raised his hands to Heaven as though in gratitude.

"What tidings?" asked one.

"This, my friends. Cestius Gallus, the Roman, has been hunted from the walls of Jerusalem and his army destroyed in the pass of Beth-horon."

"God be praised!" said the company as though with one voice.

"God be praised," repeated Caleb, "for so great and glorious a victory! The accursed Romans are fallen indeed."

Only Miriam said nothing.

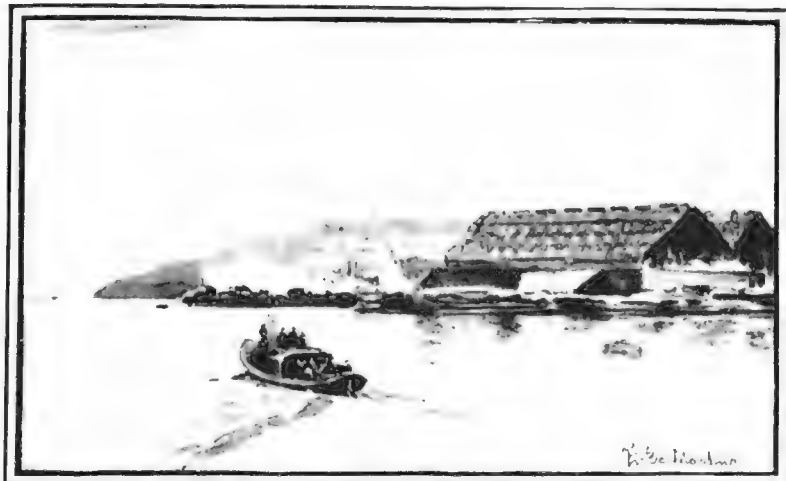
"What is in your mind?" he asked, looking at her.

"That they will spring up again stronger than before," she replied, and at a signal from Benoni, rose and straightway left the feast.

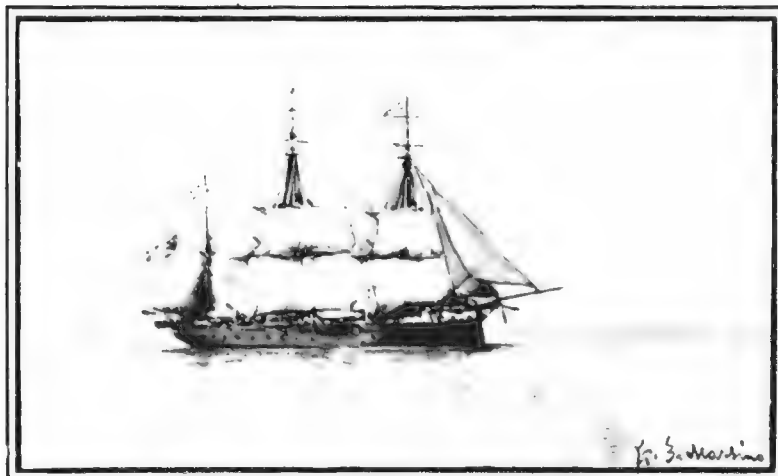
From the supper-chamber Miriam passed down a passage to the portico and there seated herself, resting her arms upon the marble balustrade and listening to the waves as they lapped against the walls below.

That day had been disturbed, different, indeed, from all the peaceful days which she was wont to spend. First had come the messenger bearing her lover's gifts and letter which already she longed to read again; then hard upon his heels, like storm upon the sunshine, he who, unless she was mistaken, still wished to be her lover—Caleb. How curious was the lot of all three of them! How strangely had they been exalted! She, the orphan ward of the Essenes, was now a great and wealthy lady with everything her heart could desire, except one thing, indeed, which it desired most of all. And Marcus, the debt-saddled Roman soldier of fortune, he also, it seemed, had suddenly become great and wealthy, pomp that he held at the price of playing some fool's part in a temple to satisfy the whimsy of an imperial madman.

Caleb, too, had found fortune, and in these tumultuous times



THEIR MAJESTIES LANDING AT PEMBROKE



H.M.S. "DOLPHIN" SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHT OFF PORTLAND

risen suddenly to place and power. All three of them were seated upon pinnacles, but as Miriam felt they were pinnacles of snow which, for aught she knew, might be melted by the very sun of their prosperity. She was young, she had little experience, yet as Miriam sat there watching the changeable sea, there came upon her a great sense of the instability of things, and an instinctive knowledge of their vanity. The men who were great one day, whose names were in the mouths of all, the next were disgraced or dead. Parties rose, and parties fell, high-priest succeeded high-priest, general supplanted general, yet upon each and all of them, like the following waves that rolled beneath her, came night and oblivion. A little dancing in the sunshine, a little moaning in the shade, then death, and after death—

"What are you thinking of, Miriam?" said a rich voice at her elbow, the voice of Caleb.

She started, for here she believed herself alone, then answered:

"My thoughts matter nothing. Why are you here? You should be with your fellow—"

"Conspirators. Why do you not say the word? Well, because sometimes one wearies even of conspiracy. Just now we triumph and can take our ease. I wish to make the most of it. What ring is that you wear upon your finger?"

Miriam straightened herself and grew bold.

"One which Marcus sent me," she answered.

"I guessed as much. I have heard of him. He has become a creature of the mad Nero, the laughing-stock of Rome."

"I do not laugh at him, Caleb."

"No, you were ever faithful. But, say, do you laugh at me?"

"Indeed not; why should I, since you seem to fill a great and dangerous part with dignity?"

"Yes, Miriam, my part is both great and dangerous. I have risen high and I mean to rise higher."

"How high?"

"To the throne of Judea."

"I think a cottage stool would be more safe, Caleb."

"Mayhap, but I do not like such seats. Listen, Miriam. I will be great or die. I have thrown in my lot with the Jews, and when we have cast out the Romans I shall rule."

"If you cast out the Romans, and if you live. Caleb, I have no faith in the venture. We are old friends and I pray of you to escape from it while there is yet time."

"Why, Miriam?"

"Because He Whom your people crucified and Whom I serve prophesied its end. The Romans will crush you, Caleb. His blood lies heavy upon the head of the Jews and the hour of payment is at hand."

Caleb thought a while, and when he spoke again the note of confidence had left his voice.

"It may be so, Miriam," he said, "though I put no faith in the sayings of your prophet; but at least I have taken my part and will see the play through. Now for the second time I ask you to share its fortunes. I have not changed my mind. As I loved you in childhood and as a youth, so I love you as a man. I offer to you a great career. In the end I may fall, or I may triumph, still either the fall or the triumph will be worth your sharing. A throne, or a glorious grave—both are good; who can say which is the better? Seek them with me, Miriam."

"Caleb, I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because it is laid upon me as a birthright, or a birth-duty, that I should wed no man who is not a Christian. You know the story."

He bowed his head.

"Then if there were no such duty would you wed me, Miriam?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"Why not?"

"Because I love another man, whom also I am forbid to wed, and until death I am pledged to him."

"The Roman, Marcus?"

"Aye, the Roman, Marcus. See, I wear his ring," and she lifted her hand, "and his gift is about my throat," and she touched the necklet of pearls. "Till death I am his and his alone. This I say, because it is best for all of us that you should know the truth."

Caleb ground his teeth in bitter jealousy.

"Then may death soon find him," he said.

"It would not help you, Caleb. Oh! why cannot we be friends as we were in the old times?"

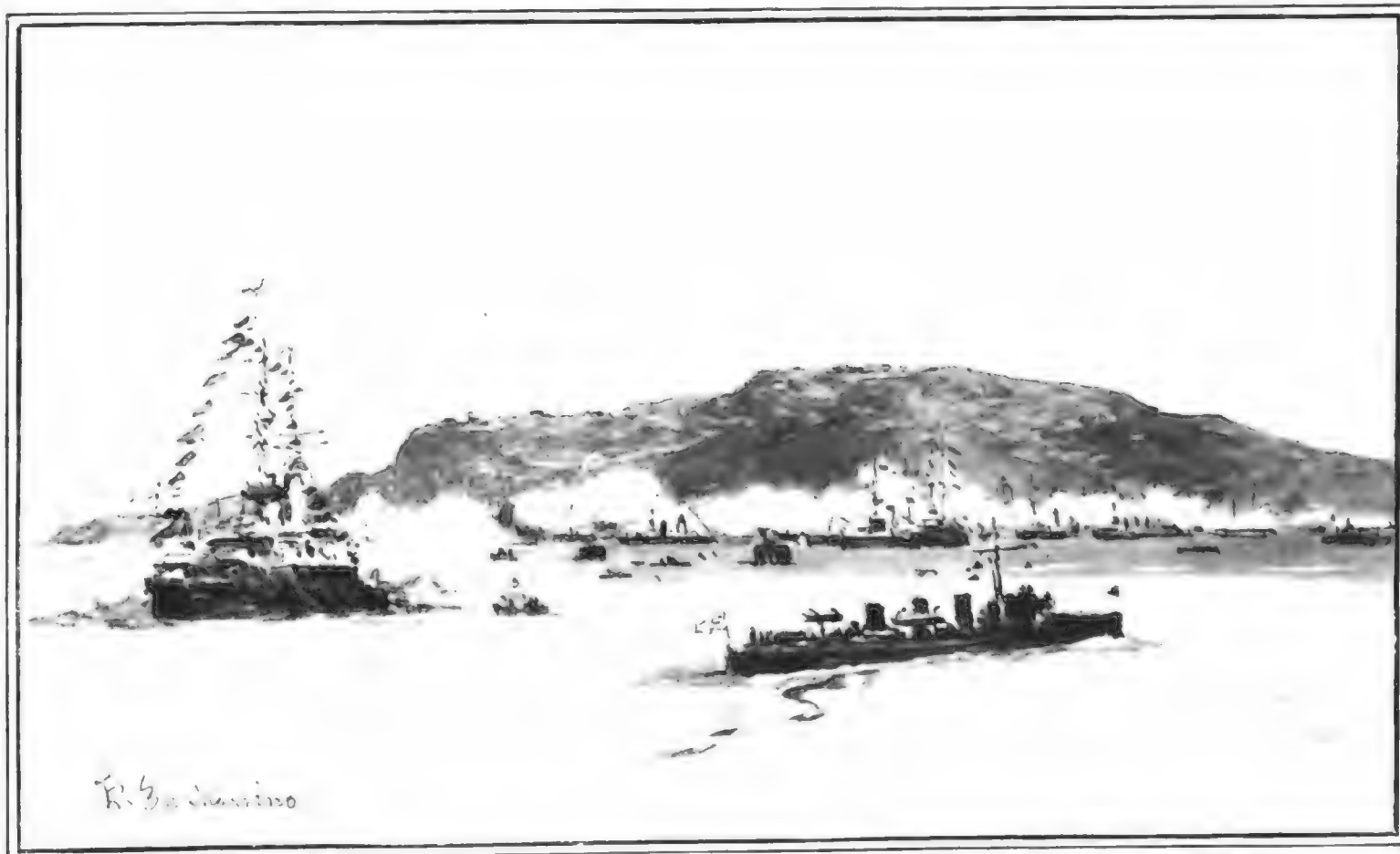
"Because I seek more than friendship, and soon or late, in this way or in that, I swear that I will have it."

As the words left his lips footsteps were heard, and Benoni appeared.

"Friend Caleb," he said, "we await you. Why, Miriam, what do you here? To your chamber, girl. Affairs are afoot in which women should have no part."

"Yet, as I fear, grandfather, women will have to bear their burden," answered Miriam. Then, bowing to Caleb, she turned and left them.

(To be continued)



THE KING'S CRUISE: THE FLEET SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHT OFF PORTLAND

DRAWN BY E. DE MARTINO, MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



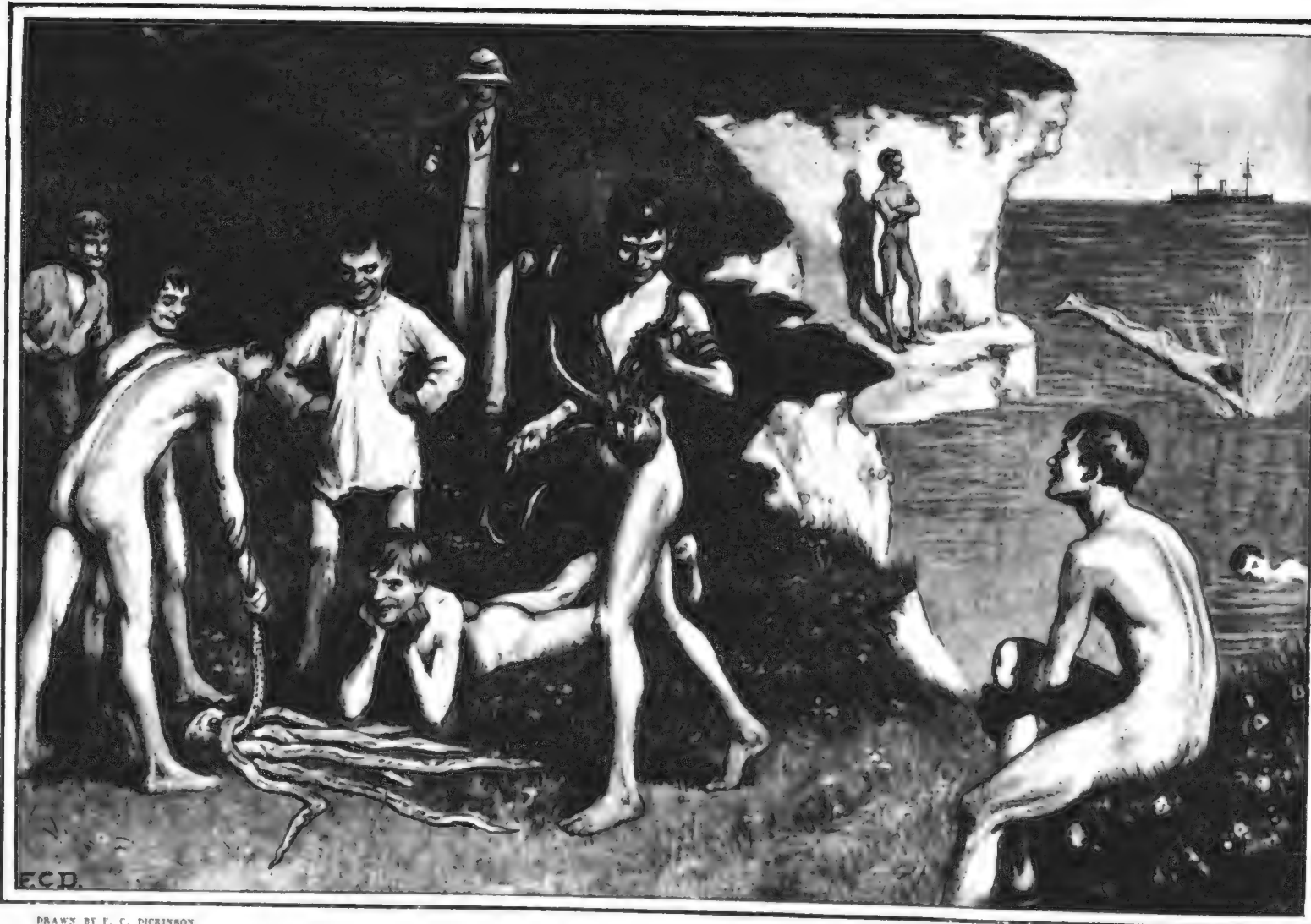
DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.L.

Whenever a ship is stationed for any time at a port, and there are bluejackets ashore, a certain number of men, including artificers and stokers, are ordered to perform the duties of Naval Police. They carry on the left wrist a canvas badge, with N. and P. in blue divided by a crown. The men march

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

briskly through the gates to their beats, and then assume a solemn funeral pace, which seems to affect their spirits. One finds one's self mechanically repeating Goldsmith's "Remote, unfriendly (save for a nod to another picket) melancholy, slow."

LOOKING AFTER JACK ASHORE: THE MARCH OUT OF THE NIGHT PATROL



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

Among the Boer prisoners at Bermuda were several boys. They had a small island to themselves, where they were well looked after, and they seemed contented and happy. They spent much of their time bathing in the sea and they became bold and expert swimmers. One of their amusements was to fish for the octopus, which frequents those shores. The boys dived down among the coral ledges, under

FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL H. HFLYAR

which the octopus lies, and as they swam along the octopus caught them with its suckers. The boys then rose to the surface and brought the ugly creatures with them. It is a feat that requires considerable pluck, as the devil-fish is a nasty customer and is sometimes too big to play with.

HAPPY PRISONERS: BOER BOYS CATCHING DEVIL-FISH AT BERMUDA



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

A naval officer writes:—"When a short time since a portion of the British China Squadron, consisting of four battleships and two cruisers, visited Yokohama, it was met by two battleships and two cruisers of the Japanese Squadron; and to show the appreciation of the late Alliance between the two nations, many courtesies were indulged in. The Emperor received the two admirals, the Japanese residents of Yokohama gave a large garden party, the British officers then entertained these of the Japanese Squadron at dinner on board the different ships, and in return the Japanese officers invited us to a garden party and Japanese dinner at the Maple Club at Tokyo. There we were regally entertained by our new Allies. At this dinner, in which, in their gliding, graceful, swaying they depicted the love of a smaller country and the larger. The dinner, presided over by the Rear-Admiral Ushida, was both interesting and amusing, in that it was done in purely Japanese fashion. Chopsticks had to be manipulated in the hands of the British officers, and we had to sit shoeless on the floor, with our legs cramped under us, whilst little geishas waited on us and giggled and laughed as

dinner at the Maple Club at Tokyo. There we were regally entertained by our new Allies. At this dinner, in which, in their gliding, graceful, swaying they depicted the love of a smaller country and the larger. The dinner, presided over by the Rear-Admiral Ushida, was both interesting and amusing, in that it was done in purely Japanese fashion. Chopsticks had to be manipulated in the hands of the British officers, and we had to sit shoeless on the floor, with our legs cramped under us, whilst little geishas waited on us and giggled and laughed as

we struggled to get the raw fish, seaweed, lily bulbs, &c., from the tray on the floor to our mouths, and kept our little china cups full up with 'sake' (native spirit). After dinner the time was pleasantly and too quickly in watching the many dances of the geishas accompanied by their shamisen, flutes, and voices, and in playing the game of 'ch'on kina' (the old game of our childhood), with them; and at 9.30 p.m. the most pleasant evening came to a close by the band playing the two National Anthems. Our illustration is from a sketch by Fred. W. J. Airey, R.N.S. Gotarō, Miyajima

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE: AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY THE OFFICERS OF THE JAPANESE SQUADRON TO THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON.

Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE summer season of 1902 will, I imagine, count among the worst in the annals of Paris. It has been a failure in every way. In the first place there has been no summer weather. The calendar has informed the Parisians that the months of June and July have come and gone, but thermometrically they have left no trace of their passage. Chilly winds and rain, varied by rain and chilly winds, have been the order of the day. The Bois has been deserted, and the entertainments at the various open-air *cafés chantants* have been given before empty benches.

Then the Coronation gave the *coup de grâce*. The American visitors who are generally *en évidence* in the summer months went this year to London, while the English invasion was conspicuous by its absence. It is true that since August 9 there has been some attempt to make up for lost time and Paris has been crowded with English visitors, but this will not save the situation. One cannot squeeze into three weeks the international traffic of three months. However, the hotel proprietors regard one aspect of the affair with satisfaction, and that is the reconciliation that has taken place between Paris and the British public. The absence of the English traveller this year was due to the superior attractions at home, and not, as during the last three years, to a desire to avoid the French capital. The lesson has been a severe one and led to the financial failure of the Exhibition. I imagine the French Press will, after this experience, think twice before they again indulge in an anti-English campaign.

Another familiar landmark in Paris is about to disappear. This is the St. Lazare Prison. This gloomy building in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Denis is on the point of being pulled down. It is one of the oldest buildings in Paris. It was founded about the end of the eleventh century, and was first used as an hospital for lepers. About 1632, leprosy having almost completely disappeared from France, the Prior of the Canons of Saint Victor, who owned the building, handed it over to St. Vincent de Paul. It was here that that famous monk died. The room in which he breathed his last was transformed into a chapel, and is to-day the oratory of the Sisters of Mary and Joseph, who look after the prisoners.

During the early days of the Revolution the convent was sacked by the mob. Three years later, during the Terror, it was first used as a prison, and was one of the antechambers of the guillotine. André Chenier spent the last days of his life here. The Consulate first established the St. Lazare Prison as a prison for women, a use to which it has been devoted ever since. There is only one escape on



The Campanile of San Stefano has been condemned as unsafe and is going to be taken down at once in order that it may not follow the example of the Campanile of St. Mark's. The work of demolition will begin with the removal of the clock, and then the bells will be let down. Before this is done, however, strong iron supports will be placed against that side of the tower which is leaning over. It has been arranged to take twenty-three metres off the top of the tower before deciding to demolish it entirely. The Campanile of San Stefano is seventy metres high, and after St. Mark's is the highest in the city. Venice will thus lose another of its prominent features.

THE CONDEMNED CAMPANILE OF SAN STEFANO, VENICE

record, that of an Englishwoman named Kate Plee. She was first imprisoned for six months for complicity in the robbery of a jeweller's shop in the Palais Royal. When her sentence expired she was expelled from France.

She returned in 1873, and was again arrested for theft and sentenced for a long period of imprisonment. One day, about four o'clock, it was noticed that Kate Plee had disappeared. The prison was searched from top to bottom, and finally her prison dress was discovered in a wooden box. It transpired that she had by some means or another obtained possession of a nun's dress, and

thus disguised had managed to make her way to the street. How she managed to get past the various gates and iron gratings, which are kept locked night and day, is a mystery that was never explained. In 1879 there was a woman confined at St. Lazare who was known as the *doyenne*. She was then ninety-nine years of age, and had been arrested 118 times. Another prisoner, who died there some years ago, was born on the 9th Thermidor of the year ten of the First Republic.

The latest "plan of campaign" of the Clerical party—the refusal to pay taxes—is likely to cause more inconvenience to those carrying it out than real embarrassment to the Government. It opens up a vista of splendid business for the *huissiers*, or sheriffs' officers. As the State will, of course, end by getting its due, the Bank of France will advance the Government any money it may require. M. François Coppée and M. Edouard Drumont seem unaware of the existence of *bons de trésor*, or Treasury Bonds, the *raison d'être* of which is to relieve the embarrassments of the Minister of Finance. Of course, if the refusal to pay taxes were unanimous, or anything like unanimous, the Government would be in a very curious position, but as the movement will be confined to the ultra-Clerical party it will never be a powerful weapon against M. Combes.

M. Jules Lemaitre, M. Coppée's friend and ally, is unwilling to go as far as the poet. He proposes a middle course, which reveals a certain amount of *naïveté* on his part. His scheme is that every Frenchman should exercise his right of paying his taxes by instalments of tenths—that is to say, he should pay ten visits to the tax-collector's office, and should get ten receipts. This might inconvenience the tax-collector, it certainly would inconvenience the taxpayer, but it would delight the Minister of Finance. Every time a notice to pay is sent out by the tax-collector a fee running from one halfpenny up to fourpence is charged. It is this fee that covers the cost of the collecting of the taxes in France. M. Lemaitre would simply by his proposal triple this source of revenue. I begin to suspect that M. Jules Lemaitre must have Irish blood in his veins.

The Parisians are beginning to get quite proud of themselves; the French capital is again becoming the haunt of Royalty. Since the visit of the Tsar, Paris has become what the Germans would call *hohlgig*. King Leopold of the Belgians is a familiar figure on the Boulevards, King Oscar of Sweden is a frequent visitor, the King of Greece makes a stay every year, and there is always one or more of the Russian Grand Dukes within our walls. Now the Queen of Spain has found her way to the French capital, and the Shah seems to be becoming an annual visitor. The Parisians live in hopes of seeing King Edward pay an official visit to the Elysée, and rumours are in circulation that King Victor Emmanuel intends to make his appearance in Paris. The only visit they dread is that of the irrepressible Kaiser. They fear that some day William II. will propose to make a peaceful invasion of France, and the embarrassment of the Government will be great. No one knows how the matter would pass off. The Kaiser might be cheered, or the mob might throw stones. The experience of Alphonso XII. of Spain is there as an object-lesson.



Her Majesty herself conducted Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel to the ladder when he left the Royal yacht

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE FATHER OF THE FLEET

Drawn from Life by Sydney P. Hall, M.V.O.



The Archbishop of Canterbury The Bishop of Winchester The Archbishop of York
THREE DIGNITARIES OF THE CHURCH IN THEIR CORONATION ROBES

From a Photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street

Our Portraits

MR. ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, and J.P. for the Counties of London and Middlesex, is one of the few living people who have had experience of three Coronations, and in a very interesting letter to the *Times*, written on the day the King was crowned, he says: "I have to-day, at the age of 81, attended the third Coronation of a Sovereign of Great Britain in Westminster Abbey. From my seat in the front row of the triforium I commanded a view of the entire chancel, including the two thrones. I was able to command a view of all the personages who occupied the chancel, and to hear distinctly the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I saw him place the crown on his Majesty's head, and I saw his Majesty the King and her Majesty the Queen enthroned. My thoughts went back to the year 1838, when, on June 28, at the age of seventeen, I went up from Eton College and, seated in the front row of the triforium on the other side of the chancel, I beheld a similar scene and saw the crown placed on the head of Queen Victoria. But that was not my first experience, for in 1831, on September 6, at the age of ten, I was present at the Coronation of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide. I was seated in one of the galleries erected then, as now, on each side of the choir. I had come up from my private school for the purpose, and have a distinct recollection of the processions which passed beneath my eyes. Of the chancel I saw nothing. Sixty-four years have elapsed since the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and seventy-one since the Coronation of King William IV., and of the crowds of distinguished Englishmen whom my boyish eyes looked at, and in some cases recognised, such as the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, all have passed away." Mr. Cust, who is the second son of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Cockayne Cust, brother of Earl Brownlow, had a long and distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service, was present at many battles during the Mutiny, and took a prominent part in the settlement of the Punjab afterwards. He is the author of many works on languages and religious subjects. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

George Henry Pusey, is the signal-boy who gallantly attempted to rescue the able seaman Cosham, killed in the sad accident on H.M.S. *Victory*. Cosham, it will be remembered, was blown overboard by the premature explosion of a charge in one of the old guns during the firing of the salute in honour of the Shah's visit to the King. Pusey saw him fall, and instantly leaped overboard and dived after the man, whom he caught by the collar close to the ship's side. The collar came off. Pusey again grasped his "jumper," but was forced to let go as the tide had taken them both under the ship. Pusey, who is in his eighteenth year, joined the service in March, 1901. He was trained on board the *Imperieuse* at Devonport, and transferred to the *Victory* for training in the signal branch two months ago. In recognition of his heroic conduct, Pusey was subsequently presented, by order of the King, with the Royal Victorian Medal. The presentation was made by Admiral Hotham, who has recommended Pusey for the Royal Humane Society's medal. Our portrait is by W. V. Amey, Landport.

Mr. Henry William Forster had to submit himself for re-election at Sevenoaks, in consequence of his appointment as a Junior Lord of the Treasury. The election was vigorously fought, and Mr. Forster was only returned by a largely reduced majority. Now in



MR. ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, LL.D.
Who has witnessed three Coronations



SIGNAL-BOY GEORGE PUSEY
Who tried to save an A.B. from drowning



MR. H. W. FORSTER, M.P.
Re-elected for the Sevenoaks Division

his thirty-seventh year, Mr. Forster was born on January 31, 1866, and is the eldest son of Major John Forster, late of the 6th Dragoon



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF UGANDA

Guards. He was educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, graduating (3rd Class Honour School of Jurisprudence) in 1889. Though a member of the House of Commons for the past ten years he has never intervened much in debate, but has always been a regular attendant at the House and its Committee. He is well known as a cricketer. When at Eton he played for several years in the Eleven, and he has also played for Oxford University, Kent, and for the Gentlemen against the Players. He married, in June, 1890, the Hon. Rachel Emily Scott-Montagu, only daughter of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Our portrait is by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent.

The Doomed Annex

THE structure erected at the west end of Westminster Abbey to serve as a vestibule at the Coronation Service, is now in the process of demolition. This lath and plaster annexe, with its grey battlements, excited the deepest admiration of the man in the street. It was a wonderful piece of imitation, with its grey weather-stained walls in keeping with the Abbey, and did great credit to Mr. A. V. Nutt, the designer. The structure has now been sold in lots by private tender. Very soon mullioned windows, battlemented roof, and flag-post on which flew the Royal Standard will all have disappeared. Already the statues of the seven Edwards, as well as that of Edward the Confessor, which was over the doorway, have been removed from their niches. The interior has been stripped of the old armour that was borrowed from the Tower, and of the splendid tapestry which adorned the walls. It was suggested at first that the structure might be bought and erected elsewhere, but as it is only lath and plaster, it will readily be understood it will crumble to pieces when pulled down, and cannot be removed as a whole. Of course, the doors and windows could be preserved, but the plaster work would all have to be renewed by anyone who wished to set up the structure in another place. Indeed, it would be more economical to erect a new building on the same lines than to reconstruct the annexe when once it is pulled down. The annexe was put up in four lots, but it was open to any curio-hunter to tender for the whole. Lot 1 comprised the shell, which included the wooden framework and as much of the exterior imitation stonework as the purchaser could preserve and carry away. Lot 2 was the flag-pole, surmounted by a Royal crown, on which, on Coronation Day, flew the Royal Standard. Lot 3 comprised the windows and doors; and Lot 4 the interior appointments.

A Boy Ruler

THIS little African chieftain, whose territory is now part of a British Protectorate, is a grandson of the celebrated Mutessa, and descendant of a long line of kings. He is about seven years of age, and has never been far away from Mengo, the native capital of Uganda, where he was born. He was recently accorded the title of Highness by the British Government, and will attain his majority when he is eighteen. The territory over which the King, or "Kabaka," rules is nearly 20,000 square miles in extent, and possesses a native population (now mostly Christian) of between one and two million people. The Prime Minister of Uganda, Apolo Kagwa Gulemye Nume, who came over to England for the Coronation, has long been a friend of Britain, and has an important part to play during the minority of the boy King. Our portrait is by W. G. Doggett.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ANNEXE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, NOW IN THE COURSE OF DEMOLITION



JOSEPH BLANC
The Survivor of the Mont Blanc Disaster

Two Alpine Disasters

MR. JAMES BROWN, who was killed in the recent accident on the Wetterhorn, was a native of Aberdeen, and with one companion, Mr. Garden, and two guides, Knubel and Imboden, had made a successful ascent. On the return journey the party were carried down the mountain side by an avalanche. Another caravan saw their fall and went to their assistance at once, but the transportation of the dead and wounded to Grindelwald was very difficult owing to the violence of the storm which was raging. Mr. Brown and the guide Knubel had their skulls fractured, and death must have been instantaneous. Mr. Garden had his head injured, and sustained a severe contusion on his leg. Mr. Garden and Imboden state that when they were in the *couloir* a mass of fresh snow suddenly began to shift under their feet, dragging the four men roped together along with it. When the avalanche, after bearing them down over 1,200ft., stopped, Knubel and Mr. Brown were only a few feet above Mr. Garden, and Imboden about 15ft. below, and the rope was cut to pieces even round Mr. Garden's waist; while knapsacks and ice-axes were all gone. After a moment or two Mr. Garden, more or less dazed by the terrible fall, rose to his feet, spoke to Mr. Brown, and by shaking, endeavoured to rouse him, but in vain. Knubel was gasping for breath, and Mr. Garden tried to pour some wine into his mouth, but it was too late, and in a few moments he died. He turned his attention next to Imboden, whose mind

was wandering and who was crying aloud in mingled distress and fear, and he attempted to move him out of the bed of the avalanche, but was too weak to accomplish his purpose. Mr. Garden had to remain eight hours with his dead companions and the unfortunate Imboden before succour arrived.

The disaster, in which the guide Blanc figured, took place on Mont Blanc a week earlier. The victims in this case were two French gentlemen, named J. C. Staehling and Henri Mauduit, who had endeavoured to ascend to the summit with a porter, and the guide named Blanc. The weather was extremely bad, and they wandered about near the Dome du Gouter, trying in vain to find the Refuge Vallot, on the Bosses du Dromadaire. The guides managed to fight against the cold, and endeavoured to impress upon their two employers the necessity of moving about in order to keep up the circulation. About four o'clock in the morning, however, Messieurs Staehling and Mauduit were too exhausted to keep up the fight any longer, and they sank down on the snow, where they



The mark x shows where the bodies of the victims were found. Our photograph is by Anton Krenn, Zurich
THE WETTERHORN DISASTER

succumbed to the fatigue and exposure. As soon as it was light the guide and the porter started to descend, and eventually met a young Englishman named Fothergill, who was making for the summit from the hut on the Grands Mulets with two guides. By that time the guide and porter were so dazed that they scarcely knew what they were doing, but they managed to explain that they had left two dead bodies on the Dome du Gouter, which were subsequently discovered by Mr. Fothergill and his two guides. Meanwhile, the guide Blanc and the porter, who had been considerably revived by some brandy given them by Mrs. Fothergill, resumed their descent, but in a short time first one and then the other fell into a crevasse, through their weakness and exhaustion. When discovered, the porter was found to be quite dead, but Blanc was alive, and was not even very seriously injured. His hands were badly bruised, and his ears were frost-bitten, but he had, apparently, found space enough to be able to move about, and so keep himself from perishing with cold.



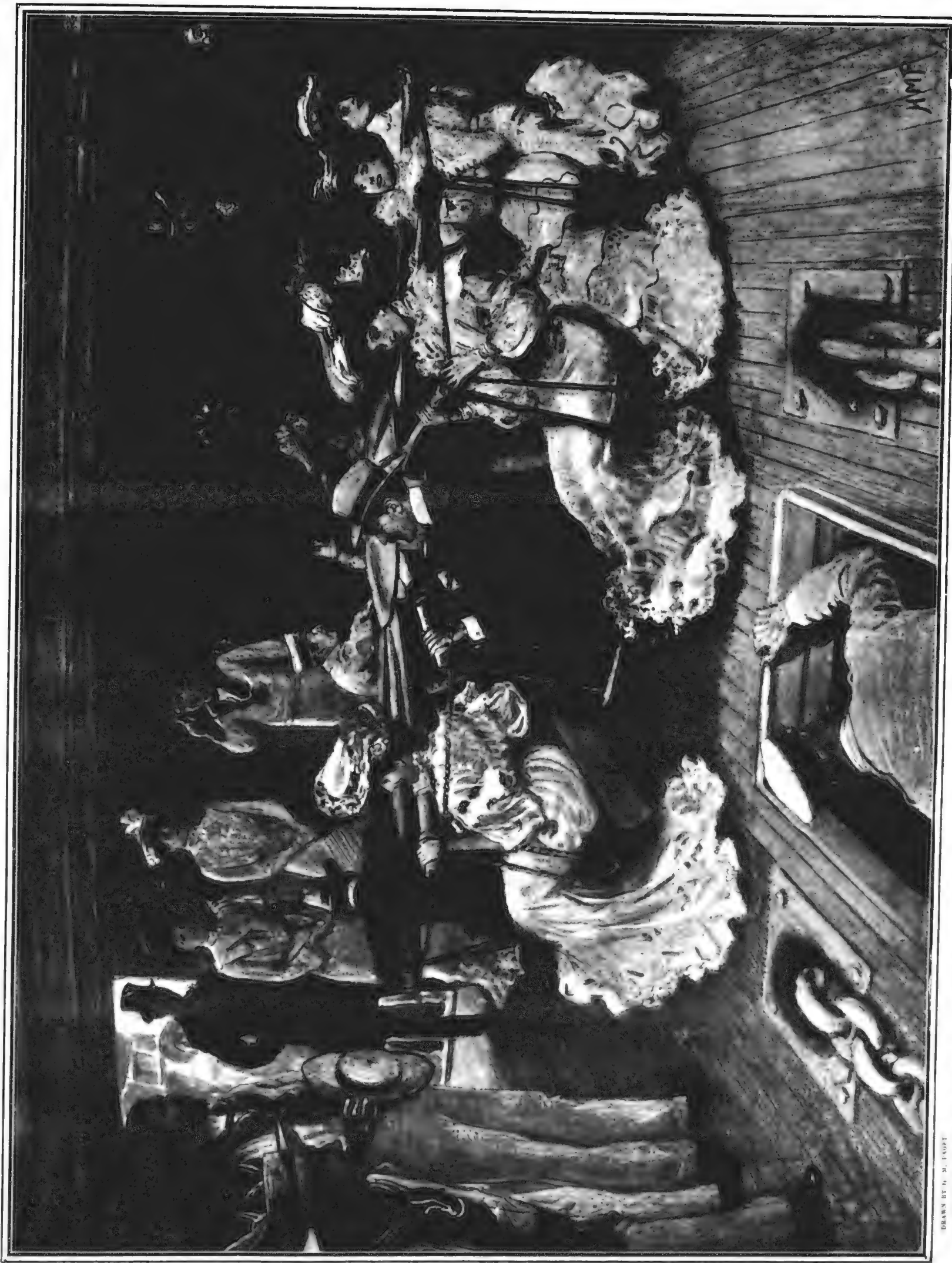
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

Our readers will remember the riot that occurred last November at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, when a party of Greek priests and natives assaulted some Latin priests who, by official permission from the Turkish authorities, were sweeping a staircase in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem. The trial of the Greek offenders occurred July 9, before the Turkish Criminal Court of Jerusalem. Our illustration shows Rosa Jaloanti, an Austrian lady, giving evidence of having

seen the Greek priests handing out clubs, knives and other weapons to their priestly comrades from a cupboard in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The trial occurred in presence of the German and Italian Consuls of Jerusalem. It closed at night at 9.30. Of the sixty accused, twenty-seven were exonerated, and thirty-two sentenced to terms of imprisonment of from one week to nine months.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. BALDWIN

A CRIMINAL TRIAL AT JERUSALEM: GREEK PRIESTS BEING SENTENCED BY A TURKISH COURT



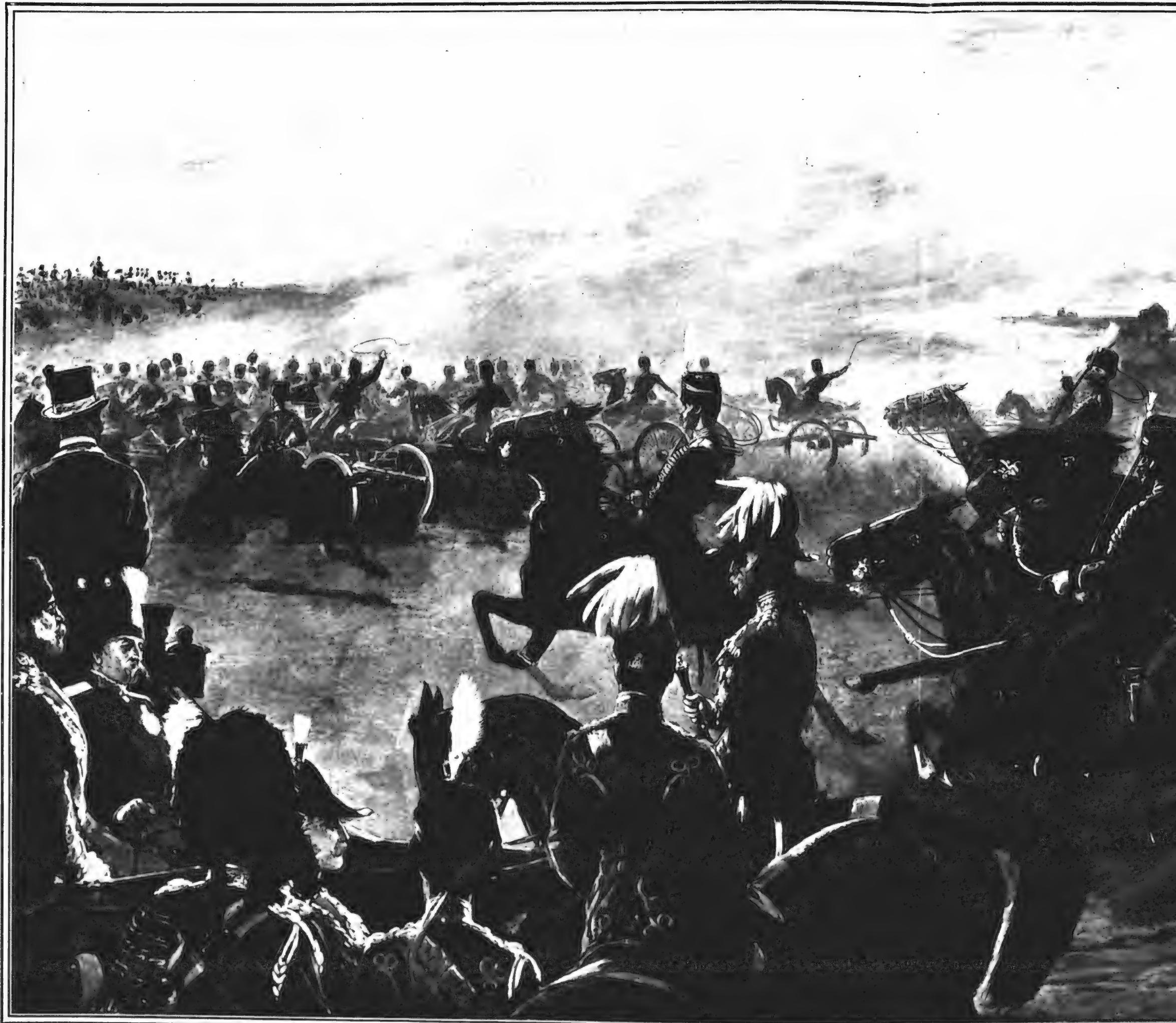
DRAWN BY H. M. SCOTT

Coronation celebrations on the Bosphorus centred about the British Embassy, H.M.S. Scout, the British Stationnaire, and H.M.S. Juno. The largest gathering took place on board the Scout at a reception given by the captain and officers. This illustration shows what was one of the most popular features of this entertainment. The

steam captain had been converted into a merry-go-round by shipping the captain's bars and suspending sails from them. Presumably a steam captain has never revolved so merrily. Instead of the rattle of the cable, the accompaniment was the laughter and shouting of a gaily dressed crowd. A more fashionable gathering could not well be got together, for the Embassies

of nearly all the European nations and some of the others were represented. The advantage of a captain as a merry-go-round is that it can be made to revolve in either direction, and the passengers were generally taken by surprise to find themselves revolving backwards just as

CORONATION CELEBRATIONS BY THE FLEET AT CONSTANTINOPLE: AN ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD H.M.S. "SCOUT"



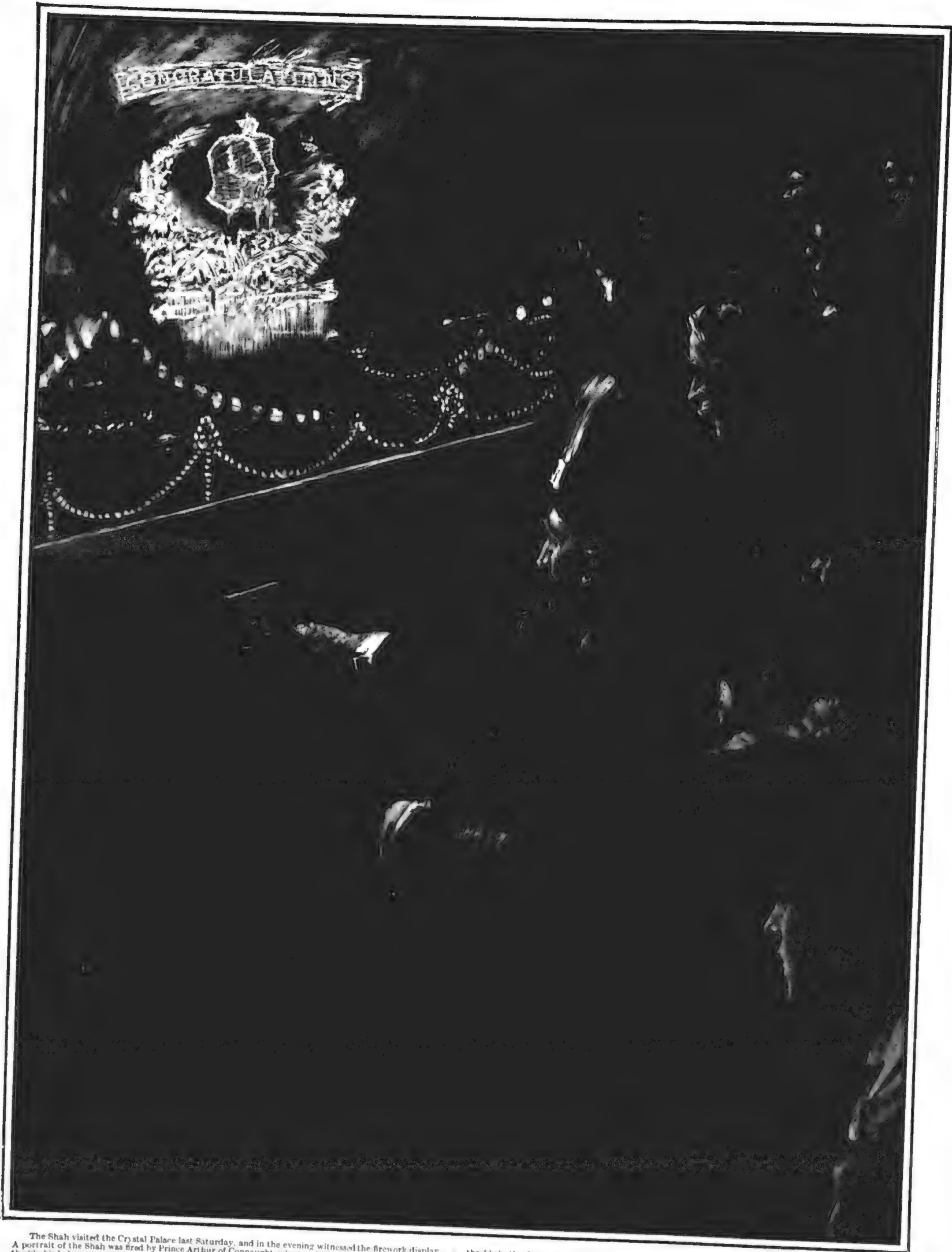
THE REVIEW BEFORE THE SHAH AT WOOLWICH: THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE SHAH AT WOOLWICH: THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY PASSING AT A GALLOP

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



The Shah visited the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and in the evening witnessed the firework display. A portrait of the Shah was fired by Prince Arthur of Connaught, who touched an electric button fixed on the Shah's balcony opposite his seat. The King and Queen's portrait was fired in the same manner by

the Shah, the Persian and British National Anthems being played as each appeared, accompanied by the cheers of the crowd.

THE SHAH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: HIS MAJESTY FIRING THE PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.L.



Among the King's guests on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, at the Review, were the Empress Eugénie, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duke of Argyll, Princess Henry of Battenberg, with Prince Alexander, Prince Leopold, Prince Maurice, and Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice of Albany, the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. In attendance upon their Majesties were the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, General the Right Hon.

Sir Dighton Probyn, Lord Knollys, Lord Farquhar, Captain the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, and Captain F. Ponsonby. Sir Francis Laking, Bart., Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., and Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Bart. (Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom), were also in attendance. The Naval and Marine Aides-de-Camp in attendance were:—Admiral Sir James Erskine (First and Principal), Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, Captain Alvin Corry, and Colonel Bridge, R.M.L.I. The following of the Board of Admiralty were in attendance upon the King: The Earl of Selborne, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Rear-Admiral W. H. May, and Arnold Forster,

Esq., M.P., Parliamentary and Financial Secretary. The Empress Eugénie was attended by Com. and Commander Godfrey Faussett. The Crown Prince of Denmark (specially attached) and Captain Boeck, A.D.C. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg was attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Captain Carstensen, A.D.C. The Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg was attended by B.

THE KING AND HIS GUESTS AT THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: A GROUP ON THE ROYAL

From a Photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Southsea



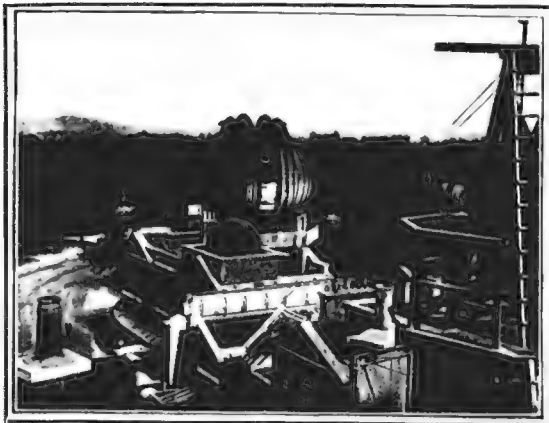
Knollys, Lord Farquhar, Captain the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, and Sir Francis Laking, Bart., Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., and Admiral Sir Bart. (Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom), were also in attendance. aides-de-Camp in attendance were:—Admiral Sir James Erskine (First e the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, Captain Alvin Corry, and Colonel Dowling of the Board of Admiralty were in attendance upon the King: - nral Lord Walter Kerr, Rear-Admiral W. H. May, and Arnold Forster,

Esq., M.P., Parliamentary and Financial Secretary. The Empress Eugénie was attended by Madame D'Arcos. The Prince of Wales was attended by Commander Sir Charles Cust, Bart., and Commander Godfrey Faussett. The Crown Prince of Denmark was attended by Lord Kenyon (specially attached) and Captain Boeck, A.D.C. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark were attended by Miss Carstensen and Captain Carstensen, A.D.C., Royal Danish Navy. Princess Henry of Battenberg was attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Colonel Lord William Cecil. The Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg was attended by Baroness Von Königsegg. These

were also present on board the Marquis de Soveral, Count Albert Mensdorff Pouilly, Count von Seckendorff, Admirals of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, the Earl of Clanwilliam, Sir Algernon Lyons, Sir Nowell Salmon, Admirals Sir F. Bedford, Sir Edward Seymour, and Flag-Lieutenant W. Chaytor, Field-Marshal the Earl Roberts, General Viscount Kitchener, Lieut.-General Sir Baker Russell, Commanding the Southern District, Captain Lord C. Fitzmaurice, Chevalier de Martino, Mr. Sydney P. Hall, and Mr. Bodley

THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: A GROUP ON THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

From a Photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Southsea



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE WIND TOWER



THE ASSISTANTS' ROOM

SOMETIMES those who climb Greenwich Hill, approaching nearer to the walls which seclude the Royal Observatory, may have thought that picturesque old building symbolic of the antiquated ease and leisured study of the days in which King Charles founded it. Nothing could be further from the truth. Within the red walls, the place is as busy as a factory. The Astronomer Royal has a large staff of workers—two chief assistants, Mr. Connell and Mr. Dyson, five other assistants, and some thirty-five computers or super-numerary computers, not to speak of messengers and mechanics; and there is work for them all. One of the photographs on this page, the photograph which gives a bird's-eye view of the Observatory from the wind tower, furnishes also some indication of the many activities of the Observatory. Nearest to the wind tower, and indeed upon it, are the varied meteorological instruments: anemometers, sunshine-measurers, hygrometers, barometers, and other means by which the weather of the year is kept and recorded. The Observatory's meteorological year is as peculiar to itself as the Greenwich meridian; for, unlike all other computations, it runs from May to May. The objects which are otherwise most conspicuous in the photograph are the domes of the telescopes. The largest of them is the dome of the great Equatorial telescope, sometimes called the 28in. refractor, twenty-eight inches being the diameter of the object glass of this fine telescope.

As most people now know, every great observatory works on the principle of an astronomical division of labour, among the national observatories of the world, upon special branches of astronomical research, and Greenwich is an observatory which devotes much of its attention to the measurement of the double stars. For this purpose the great 28in. refractor is set apart. In the last year no fewer than 346 of these deeply interesting objects were measured. The particular double star to which special attention has for the last eighteen months been directed is the splendid Capella.

The great 28in. refractor is supplemented by a telescope of 26in. diameter. This has been used for some time past in a special work which has been imposed upon all the great observatories. This work is the observation of the tiny planet Fros; a planet so small that one could hardly place conveniently upon it the Transvaal and the Orange Colony—especially if we desired to give them a sea-board. The dome which can be seen among the trees is that of the new building. Its telescope was chiefly designed for photographic work. Some of the finest photographs of the sun extant are taken by this instrument; and it bears a large part of another international work



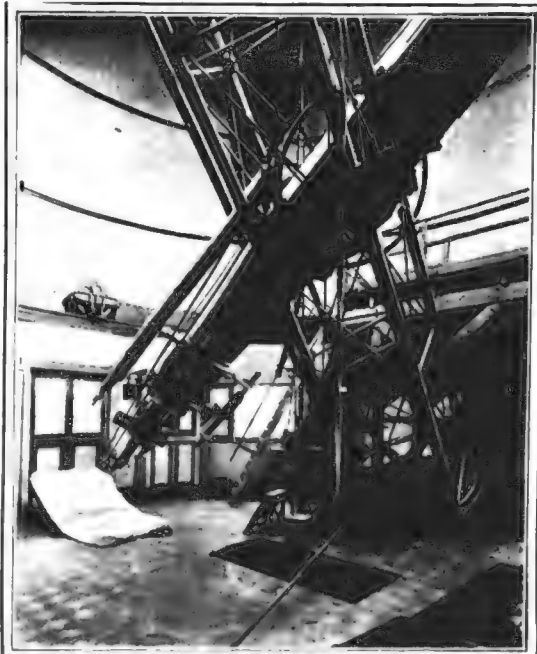
GREENWICH TIME



WATCHES FOR REGULATION



BOX CHRONOMETERS



THE GREAT REFRACTING TELESCOPE

which Greenwich shares with eighteen other observatories—that of making and completing the great chart of the heavens, in which all the myriad visible stars are to be plotted. The astrographical equatorial, during the year ending May 10, 1901, took 682 plates on 167 nights. When the plates have been taken the stars indicated upon them have to be counted. Nearly 150,000 stars accurately determined in position is the sum total of a year's work of this kind. Even all these observations, great as is their sum of variety, for they include spectroscopic work, do not exhaust the work which has to be done at Greenwich. Besides the astronomical and meteorological observations, investigations in terrestrial magnetism are constantly in progress; and there is all the work which has accumulated here on account of the prime fact that a strand of cobweb which runs across a telescope lens is the Greenwich meridian. When this strand of cobweb bisects the image of the sun it is midday in England, and the signal is telegraphed all over the kingdom. And since Greenwich sets the time it is only right that it should correct chronometers and watches. During the course of a year nearly 400 chronometers, box and pocket and desk watches are sent to Greenwich by the Government to be tested for accuracy.



THE COMPUTING STAFF



THE NEW BUILDING

THE WORK OF GREENWICH OBSERVATORY

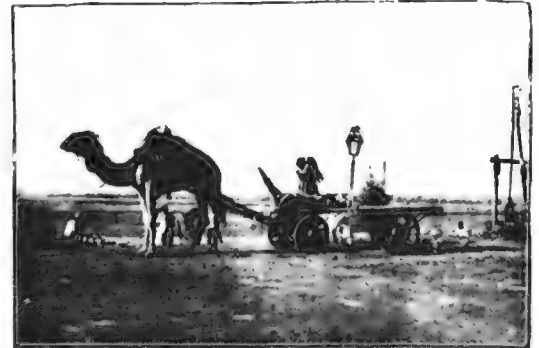
From Photographs by our Special Photographer, C. Pilkington



A NAUTICAL TRAIN: TOWING TIMBER BARGES



A PRETTY CORNER IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS

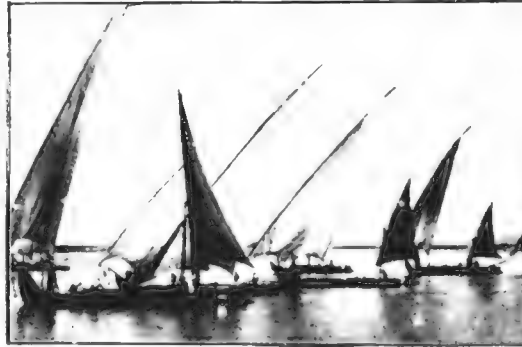


THE ARABS' DRAUGHT-HORSE

Autumn Opera

THE opera season which opened at Covent Garden on Monday is an undoubted experiment. During the past forty years cheap opera has often been tried, sometimes, as in the times of Pyne and Harrison and of Carl Rosa, under highly ambitious conditions; at others, as in latter days, more economically and less successfully. But, in either event, it can scarcely be said that the British public has hitherto shown any great desire for that species of opera which depends less upon stars than upon *musicalité*. On the other hand, in the summer season, they will pay high prices, and, despite much waiting and crushing, will crowd the galleries to hear a good tenor or a fashionable *prima donna*. During the present short season, which will be limited to thirty-five representations, the question whether the public will accept the very reasonable prices to condone for the absence of stars will be put to a fair test. For the repertory as a rule will be devoted to works which are already familiar here, operas moreover which have frequently been performed by Madame Fanny Moody's company throughout the provinces, and have therefore been well prepared. In the country the operas which at present seem to attract the largest audiences are *Tannhäuser*, *Faust*, *Carmen* and *Carillou's Rusticana*. All these accordingly were announced during the first week of the Covent Garden season, together with *Pagliacci* and two operas popular in the last generation, namely, *Marta* and *Il Trovatore*.

In several cases even the casts put forward at Covent Garden this week were more or less familiar to London audiences. On the first night of the season, for example, on Monday, the *Carmen* was M. Zélie de Lussan, who has frequently sung the part at Covent Garden as well as in nearly every important town in the provinces. It is a highly coloured representation, not, perhaps, so striking in detail as that of Madame Calvé, but one which is extremely and deservedly popular. Mr. Brozel's highly creditable rendering of Don José is equally well known. Another impersonation which has been familiar for several years is the Marguerite of Madame Moody; while as Santuzza, in Mascagni's opera, which was announced later in the week, Madame Marchesi last spring displayed unexpected dramatic power. The chorus is a strong point of the present enterprise. It consists of the choirs from two of the Manners-Moody travelling companies, with 200 youthful recruits



TRADING BOATS ON THE NILE

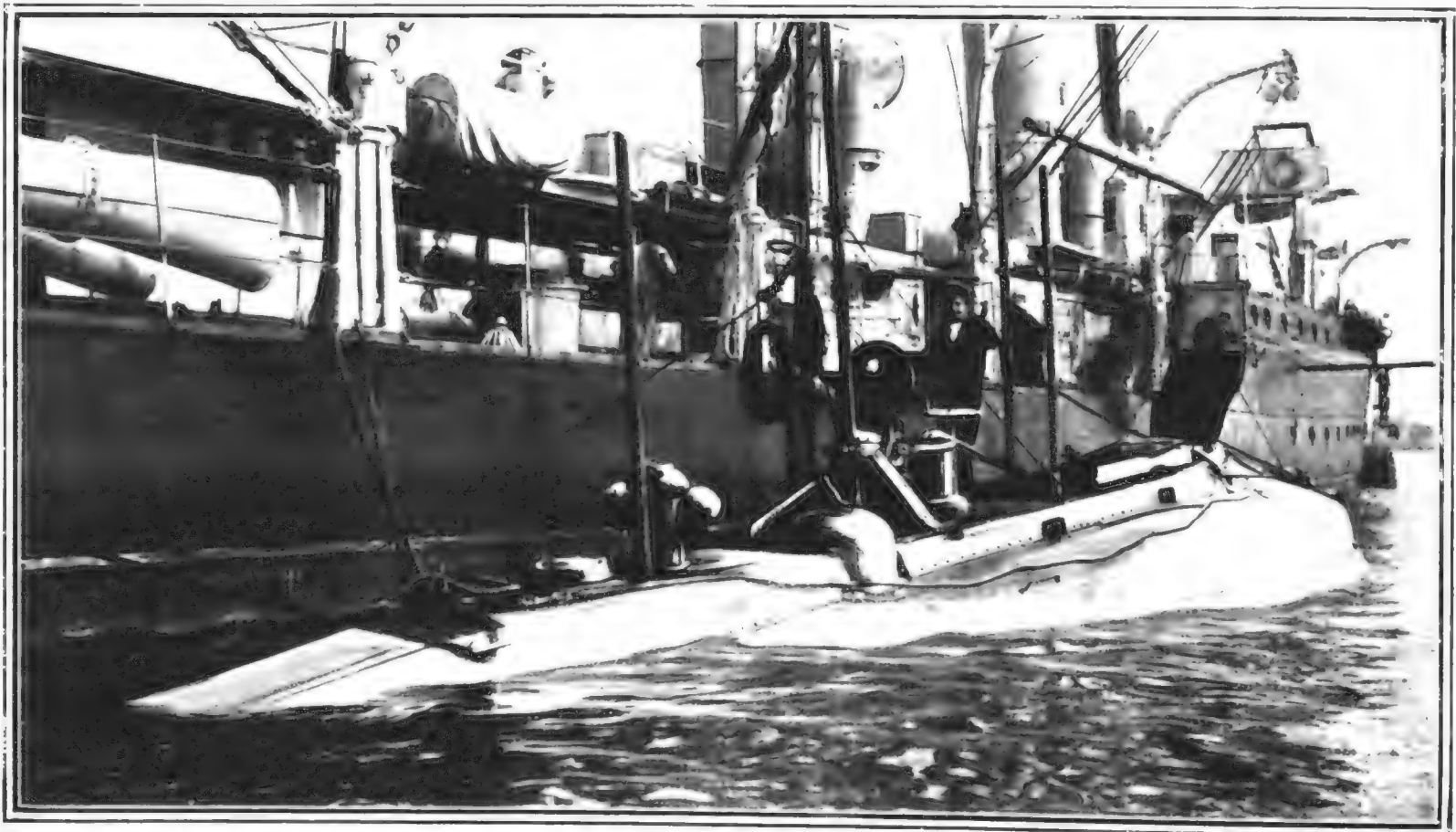
THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE AT KHARTOUM

who have been specially trained. The repertory in the provinces is smaller, and the season is longer than the summer enterprise at Covent Garden; so that time can be spared to teach choristers with fresh voices not only to sing but also to act. The new scene of the Tavern of Lillas Pastas, specially painted for the abandoned Coronation "Gala" representation, was used for the first time in the second act of *Carmen* on Monday.

British Submarines

OPINIONS differ as to whether submarine boats are likely to be of real value to naval warfare. But it must be said that the Holland boats look like being a success, though they have not as yet been tested against ships at sea as have the French submarines. The deep-sea trials of Submarine No. 4, which were postponed owing to a slight mishap to her gasoline engine, have been successfully concluded in the Irish Sea. Early one morning she went out accompanied by a tugboat. She was submerged to the depth of

about ten feet, and in this position travelled for about six miles. Afterwards she went through several evolutions on the surface with great celerity. The submarine No. 3 shown in our illustration is one of the five built at Barrow. Their builders' trials having been successfully passed, the gunboat *Hazard* (Captain R. H. S. Bacon) brought two from Barrow to Spithead, where they arrived on Tuesday, for further tests and trials by the Admiralty, under the superintendence of Captain Bacon. The fifth of these boats was tried at Barrow this week. When deep water had been reached, she was immediately submerged several feet below the surface, and in this position travelled for several miles hidden from sight. Like all the later tests to which these boats have been subjected, the trials were in every way satisfactory, stability, air supply, and control being all that could be desired. Four more submarines are to be built by Messrs Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, and Captain Bacon is to bring them to Portsmouth as they are completed. The speed of the completed submarines under water is about seven knots, and can remain under water for some four hours. Each submarine of the type delivered at Portsmouth costs 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*, has a displacement of 120 tons, and carries four torpedoes 14ft. 8in. long, but though the boats are of the same, they are not identical. In Mr. H. C. Fyfe's new volume "Submarine Warfare" (Grant Richards), Sir Edward Reed, M.P., states, as his belief, that we shall have three kinds of submarines:—(1) Vessels for the defence of ports and harbours with sufficient means of proceeding outside to give the defence a certain limited power of attack in the approaches. (2) Vessels primarily designed for attack, and therefore capable of proceeding to sea for considerable distances. (3) Smaller vessels to be taken to sea in ships as part of their equipment, and capable of being lowered to take part in a battle, and raised again and re-stowed on board when no longer needed in action. It is along these triple lines that development is proceeding. In the latest British boats of the Holland type we have the beginning of the sea-going submarine, and in the original smaller vessels, such as have been delivered at Portsmouth, we have the kind for harbour defence. A submarine just completed on a new and improved pattern is said to be a great advance upon her predecessors and to be capable of steaming fifteen knots on the surface. No authentic details have been published, but if report is true she will be the fastest submarine afloat.



THE BRITISH SUBMARINE BOAT NO. 3, WHICH HAS REACHED PORTSMOUTH FOR TRIAL
From a Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP"

LIKE Scrooge's partner Marley, Scribe is "dead as a door nail"—at least so the critics of the drama have been telling us, ever since that industrious purveyor of comedies and vaudevilles—then in his decline—was contemptuously dismissed by Théophile Gautier as *un Marivaux bourgeois* and *un blâfard de châteaux de cartes*. But in the world of the drama dead fashions have a knack of springing unexpectedly into life again. Witness the revival among us a few years ago of the passion for comedies of intrigue and dramas of "the cape and sword" by the elder Dumas, the memory of which remarkable resuscitation is preserved in the striking bust of that giant in the realm of fiction which still adorns the vestibule of His Majesty's Theatre. It may well be, therefore, that the new version, by Captain Robert Marshall, of Scribe's *Bataille d'Amour*, brought out on Saturday evening, with brilliant success, at the HAYMARKET Theatre, will have suggested to other English adaptors to re-explore the vast Scribean repertory, and if so, who knows but that the vestibule of the HAYMARKET may one day be graced by a bust of M. Scribe? As the reader is probably aware,

there are already two English versions of this piece, which, though his friend Legouvé had some share in it, bears the unmistakable impress of Scribe's peculiar gifts—one produced at the OLYMPIC shortly after the production of the original at the Théâtre Français in 1851, the other brought out at the COURT Theatre some eighteen years later. In the former Mrs. Stirling appeared as the Comtesse d'Autreval with no great advantage to the reputation of that admirable actress; in the latter Mrs. Kendal, playing the same part, achieved, on the contrary, one of her most notable successes, and the piece, under its not very happily translated title, *The Ladies' Battle*, has since been frequently given by the Kendal Company in town and country. The part of the Countess, it need hardly be said, falls at the HAYMARKET to Miss Winifred Emery. Playgoers will hardly require to be reminded of the story of the beautiful widow whose ready wit and unflinching resources prove more than a match for the saturnine Préfet de Montrichard in his efforts to discover the hiding place of the young Bonapartist officer, Henri de Flavigneul, charged with treason against His Majesty King Louis XVIII. It has been said that the notion of disguising Flavigneul as a servant in livery is a very obvious one; but the countess's ingenuity is shown in the boldness with which the disguised man himself is told off to receive the Préfet and wait upon him during his visit to the château. As fugitives do not, as a rule, court observation in this way, the success of this manœuvre in lulling suspicion is felt to be

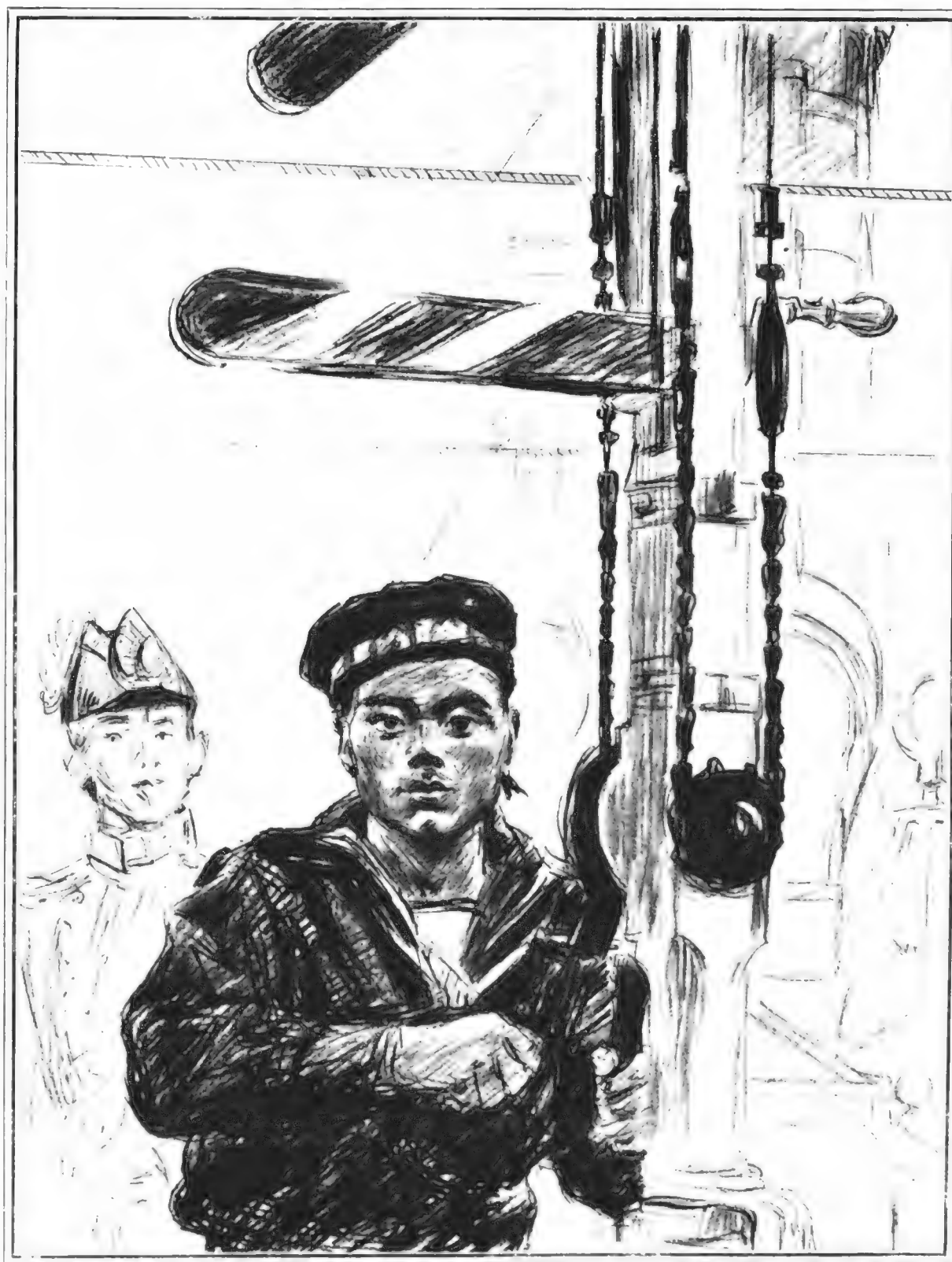
plausible, even though the unsuspecting Préfet goes so far as to bribe his attendant to aid him in his designs. The situations which arise from this position are clever and amusing, and the dash of sentiment which the authors have introduced in the rival loves of the Countess and her niece Léonie is very skilfully employed to modify the lighter vein of the piece. *There's Many a Slip*—such is the title of this latest version of Scribe's comedy—is admirably acted, and Mr. Joseph Barker has taken advantage of the fact that there is no change of scene during the three acts, to make the beautiful hall of the Château of Autreval a marvel of solidity and elaborate details. Throughout the comedy scenes Miss Winifred Emery played with a delightful vivacity and freshness; nor did she miss the subdued pathos of the last act, in which the Countess finally relinquished her dream of love in favour of her younger rival. The Countess's words, "Leave pearls and precious stones to me: I need them, child," conveyed no sense of bitterness, but could hardly have been spoken with a more touching sincerity. Mr. Cyril Maude's portrait of the timid De Grignon, whom love transforms for a moment into a model of heroic self-sacrifice, was decidedly amusing though too highly coloured. A stage hero who inspires love in the hearts of two ladies is apt to wear a coxcombical air, but Mr. Marsh Allen nevertheless acquitted himself more than creditably in the part of De Flavigneul. But decidedly the most impressive figure in the play was the Préfet of Mr. H. B. Irving, who since he learnt the value of repose and self-restraint, has been steadily advancing towards the foremost rank in his profession.

"THE FATAL WEDDING"

The American melodrama at the PRINCESS's, which bears the title of *The Fatal Wedding*, is, like most productions of its class, distinguished by the pomposity of its dialogue and the extravagance of its incidents, but it has the merit of setting forth in a straightforward way a story which is not without interest, and the author, Mr. Theo Kremer, may also claim credit for eschewing mere sensation scenes. It is a tale of a wife who, having been divorced by her husband, on the false testimony of the villain of the piece and a wicked woman, his accomplice, absconds with her two infant children, of whose custody she has been deprived by a decree of the Court. A French butler and an Irish cook, who discover the fugitive in a wretched garret in New York, together with an amiable Irish policeman, provide what is known as the comic relief to the long-drawn story of persecution and suffering. The acting is somewhat above that of the typical suburban melodrama—a little actress, Miss Ida Valli, who plays the part of the persecuted mother's child, being especially deserving of praise—and the piece on Monday evening appeared to give boundless satisfaction to a crowded audience.

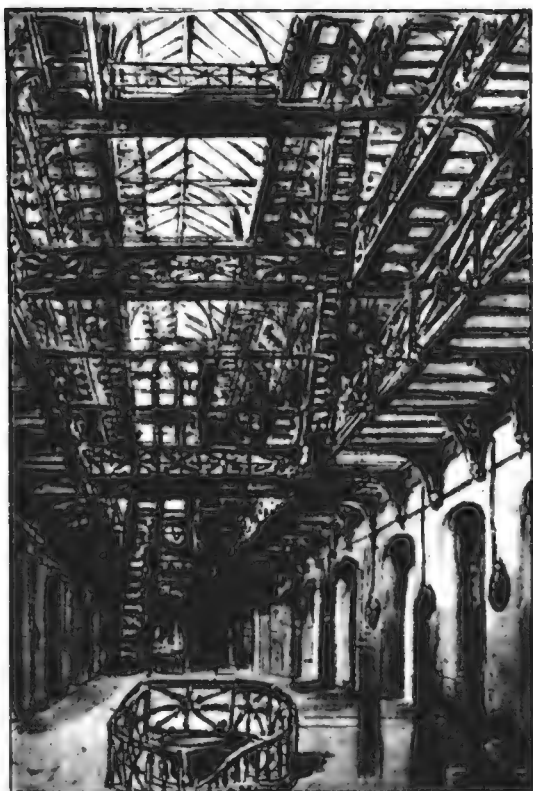
The Promenade Concerts.

THE present week has seen the opening of an autumn season of Opera at Covent Garden, and the commencement of the season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. Each has its special public, although, curiously enough, it would seem that the serious minds are chiefly to be found at the Promenade Concerts, which more than ever attract the true musical enthusiast. It is a remarkable fact, and one which a dozen years ago would have been deemed even more striking than it is now, that a mixed audience on Saturday practically deserted Queen's Hall directly after the more abstruse portion of the entertainment was over. This, we hope and believe, indicates a distinct improvement in musical taste. It is not so many years since a manager would not have dreamed of opening a season of Promenade Concerts without paying special attention to the dance music, and in most cases engaging some special dance conductor from Vienna or elsewhere to direct it. Yet, on Saturday, the people melted away after the symphonic works had been performed, leaving barely half a house to listen to the *Carmen* "selection," the once sensational cornet solo, and the drawing-room and other songs which came later in the evening. Twenty years ago a "popular" programme, which comprised such works as Smetana's symphonic poem, *Ultava*, a true piece of national Bohemian music, the *Tannhäuser* overture, an orchestral version of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, Bizet's dramatic overture, *Patric*, Svendsen's orchestral *Carnival in Paris*, and Elgar's much-debated overture, *Cockaigne*, would have been deemed impracticable. On Saturday the public listened with the greatest attention and with due enjoyment to all these works. Dr. Elgar's music, difficult as it is, went remarkably well; and so, too, did Svendsen's *Carnival*, music admirably suited to such an entertainment. During the rest of the week there were special programmes devoted to Wagner, Schubert, Tchaikowsky, and Beethoven, and, indeed, in regard to the last three, we are, in the course of the present three months' season, to have the whole of their symphonies in chronological order. The reserved seats are at present, perhaps, not so full as usual at Queen's Hall, as many people are still away; but on Saturday the Promenade was crowded almost to excess, and the concerts, which this year are managed by Mr. Newman, and are conducted by Mr. Henry Wood, made a highly successful start.

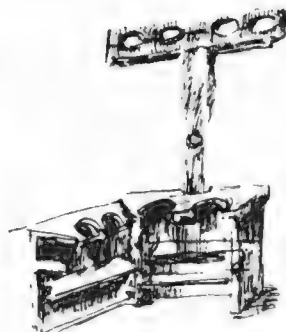


A SIGNALLER ON BOARD THE JAPANESE WARSHIP "ASAMA"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



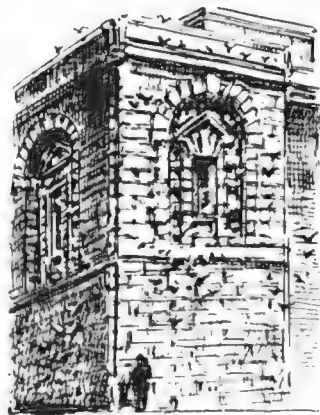
THE INTERIOR



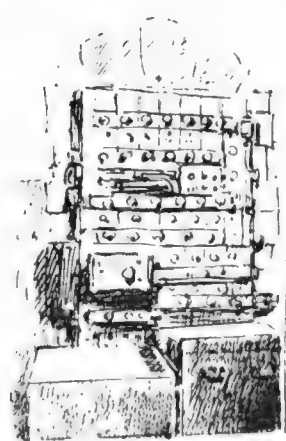
THE WHIPPING POST



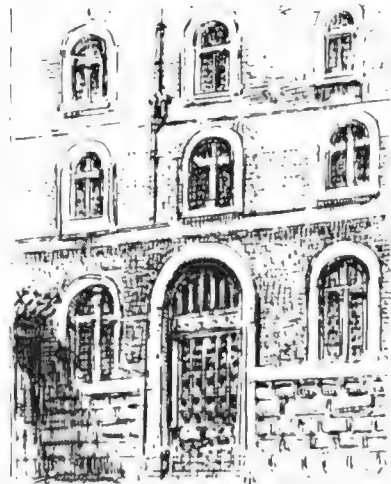
A CELL



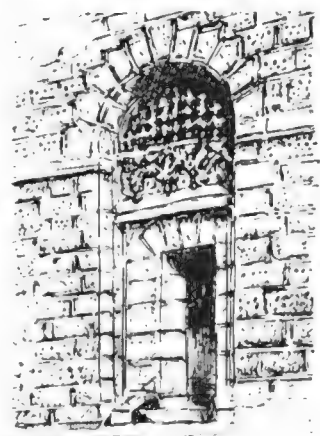
'GAOL' RIOTS



DOOR WHICH LED TO THE PLACE OF PUBLIC EXECUTION



THE OLD PRISON, NOW DISUSED



THE ENTRANCE



THE BURIAL GROUND

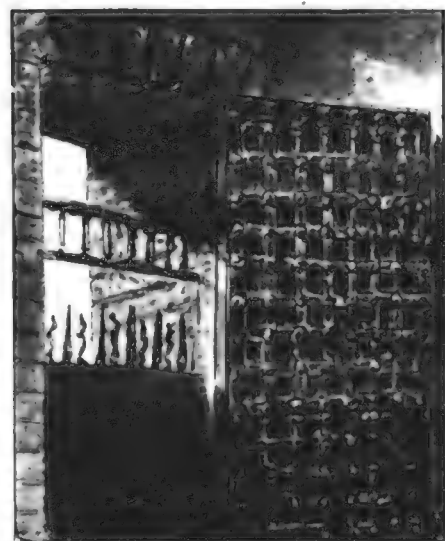
Vanishing Newgate

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THE actual origin of the New Gate of London is lost in antiquity. One chronicler, Maitland, declares that it was as old as the Romans, and that the Watling Street pointed straight to this gate. Another, Stowe, tells us that in the building of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1086 a large enclosure was taken up as a cemetery, the great thoroughfare from Aldgate to Ludgate was much obstructed and it became necessary to make a new road and a new gate. This latest Gate was soon applied to the same uses as all city gates; it became a prison house. Ludgate was a debtor's prison, Westminster gate-house took charge of Westminster offenders, the gates of York, Newcastle, Chester, Carlisle, and so forth, were all used as places of durance. Newgate was early styled "a hayhouse gate," a dark, pestiferous den, always greatly overcrowded and with captives of all categories. It retained this character well into the middle of the nineteenth century. There have been three principal prisons upon the same site. The gate-house was "re-edified" by Whittington's executors, and was long known as "Whit's Palace," and as such lasted a couple of centuries, being the principal gaol for the metropolis. Wren is said to have rebuilt it after the great fire, and yet a hundred years later, following John Howard's philippics, it was necessary to rebuild it entirely. George Dance was then the architect, and Lord Mayor Beckford, father of "Vathek" Beckford laid the first stone. So far as exterior and general outline is concerned, this is the same prison that may be seen to-day, and for some short time longer, joined to the Old Bailey and facing Newgate Street. It was called a "new and commodious gaol,"

but it was not completed in 1780, when the Lord George Gordon Riots occurred and very seriously damaged it. It was from the first a horrible den where all classes of prisoners, innocent and criminal, old and young, male and female, debtors and unconvicted, even raging lunatics were at large in the wards, closely packed and most grievously used. Many were quite destitute and in rags; there was no bedding but straw; a daily fight took place for the brief allowance of food; all wore irons, and the most exorbitant fees were exacted both by the authorities and the inmates, who claimed "garnish" from all new arrivals.

The foul condition of Newgate had been made the subject of Parliamentary inquiry in 1814, and the report stigmatised the prison as discreditable to London. The buildings were neither suitable, nor sufficiently large; five hundred or six hundred were sometimes incarcerated where there was not room for half the number; all the evils of fifty years previous flourished unchecked; short rations, no bedding, irons, and ill-usage of all kinds. Some improvements were introduced now by the Corporation, to whom the control of Newgate belonged until 1877, but the one remedy which would alone serve, the rebuilding of another gaol on a better and more commodious site, as was done later at Holloway, was not undertaken. Happily there were some private persons, philanthropic souls, to act where officialdom was still lax. Elizabeth Fry was not the first to adopt prison visitation. She had been preceded in this high mission by the great John Wesley and by Silas Told, who laboured strenuously chiefly amongst felons and condemned malefactors, and his ministrations proved a blessing to many. Mrs. Fry took up the business earnestly, although she confessed afterwards that when she entered the female prison she felt that she was going into a den of wild beasts. She was "utterly shocked by the dreadful proceedings . . .



A MASSIVE DOOR



AN EXERCISE YARD



THE PRISON CHAPEL

A FAMOUS OLD PRISON NOW BEING DEMOLISHED

DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

the begging, swearing, gaming, fighting, singing, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes; the scenes are too bad to be described, so that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us." This awful place had long been entitled, "hell above ground." History has done ample justice to the remarkable reforms she introduced. Ere long the female side, purged of all disorder, became a public show. Royalty, foreign visitors of distinction, all society, in fact, flocked to see the beneficent result of her laudable efforts. Her work was all the more noticeable as it coincided with, if it did not actually inspire, the general movement towards prison reform which now followed.

Nothing, however, could mend Newgate. The first report of the newly appointed Inspector of Prisons quite fifteen years later, draws a horrible picture of the state of Newgate. All the old and glaring evils remained uncorrected. The gaol was still overcrowded, gambling, drinking, debauchery flourished unchecked. The prisoners were still herded together indiscriminately; there was no separation between the sexes, and the female side of the prison had quite forgotten Mrs. Fry. Everywhere neglect and ill-usage still prevailed. All alike were squalid, ragged, half clothed, and unwashed. The only chance of ablution was at the public pump in the yard. No beds were provided; prisoners slept on rope mats "in companies of three and four to keep each other warm under a couple of stable rugs." The only discipline was the petty, cruel tyranny of the "wardsmen," selected prisoners, who rode rough on their fellows, levying blackmail on all. Fights and serious affrays were frequent in the wards and public gathering places, when many were badly wounded. The worst part of the prison was the "press-yard," the location of the condemned, of those "cast" for death, where fifty or sixty men and women were crowded together under horrifying conditions. On the brink of eternity, under the very shadow of the gallows, they held profane converse, indulged in frivolous sports, leap frog and blind man's buff, and turned a deaf ear to the ghostly councils of the chaplain when he appeared, which was of rare occurrence.

The most ghastly of all sights within Newgate in those days was the prison chapel on the Sunday when the condemned sermon was preached. The sacred edifice, much then as now, was densely crowded not only by the prison



"BOB CHERRY"

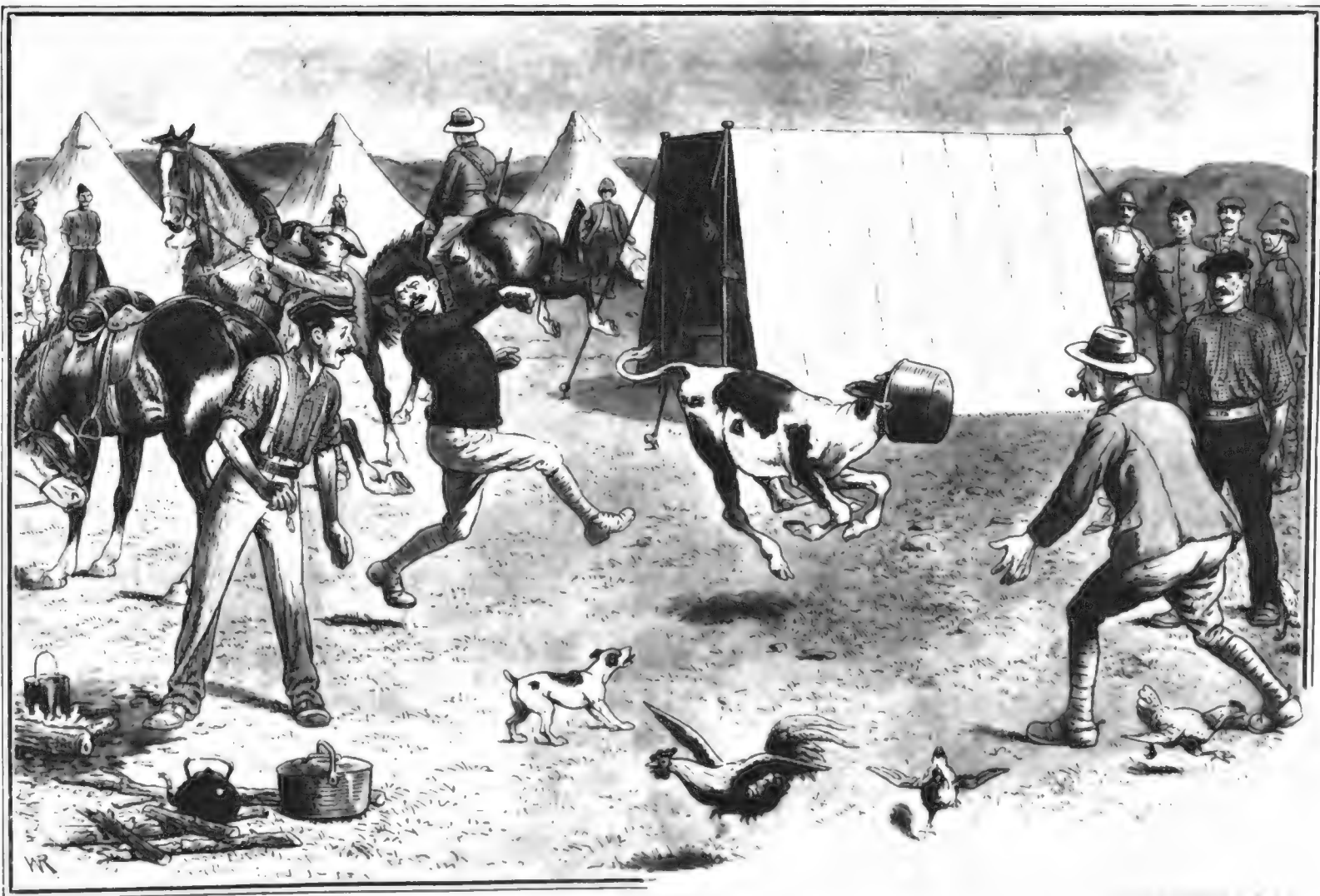
From a Photograph by Madame Lallie Charles

population, men, women, and boys, but by fashionable folk and friends of the Corporation, who came to gloat over the emotions of dying men as they sat writhing under the fateful exhortations of the Ordinary. Just in front of them,

to give full dramatic effect, lay a black coffin on a table with black cloth. When Fauntleroy, the bank forger, sat among those about to suffer, the galleries were crowded with outsiders, and the chaplain preached at them, taking the wretched convict to point the moral of his discourse. After this strangers were for a time excluded, much to the chaplain's disgust. Yet numbers were admitted, lords and ladies and members of Parliament, to watch Courvoisier while he listened to his own "condemned" sermon.

Newgate, after the disuse of Tyburn, became the principal, although not the only place of execution for London. It so continued, and the ceremony was still public until 1868, when a law was passed substituting the present, strictly private ceremony. The mobs which collected to witness the dying throes of malefactors were so great and so turbulent that terrible scenes took place with frequent catastrophes and frightful loss of life. The brutal spectacle made Charles Dickens's "blood run cold." "A sight so unconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at the execution (of the Mannings) at Horseferry Lane Gaol could be imagined by no man, and presented by no heathen land under the sun." At Newgate the sufferers were often tied up two or three deep; the bodies exhibited publicly were given to the hospitals for dissection. The steady growth of more humane and decorous principles evidently brought about a much-needed change. A law was passed prescribing that the extreme penalty of the law should be paid in private with the decorous solemnity befitting the awful act. The last public execution in front of Newgate was that of the Fenian, Michael Barrett, sentenced to death for complicity in the Clerkenwell explosion. The first privately conducted was that of Alexander Mackay, who murdered his mistress at Norton Folgate in 1868, and the absence of the old up roar and brutality was most remarkable and impressive.

In years past the practice of burying within the precincts of the gaol all who were executed in it has prevailed, and the Newgate Golgotha is one of the weirdest cemeteries in existence. It is no more than a long stone passage, an alley between high walls, roofed in by long iron bars to secure privacy from prying eyes on the houses above, which now hem in old Newgate closely. A



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

"We are enjoying an easier time," writes a correspondent, "now that peace has been declared and there are no night alarms." But the other day, just after breakfast, the whole camp was startled by an unearthly noise, and we were reminded of old days. Our horses wanted to bolt and we all rushed to see

what the row meant. Imagine the roar of laughter that went up when we found that the noise proceeded from an unfortunate calf which had got its head fixed firmly in a pail and was careering blindly and madly around, and loudly proclaiming its woes."

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

FROM A SKETCH BY D. W. F.

flagstone is raised, a deep pit dug to receive the shell with the remains and much quicklime, and the funeral is over. No record remains but the initials of the deceased roughly cut into one of the neighbouring stones. These scant epitaphs tell to those who can read them of most modern murders—Wainwright, Marley, Muller, Catherine Wilson, Webster—the catalogue is long and never-ending.

The last decades of the century saw continual changes at work in Newgate. The creation of Holloway as the great City prison in 1849 lessened its uses to those of a house of detention, but only in 1857 was a block of cells built within the old walls embodying the newest and most approved principles of gaol construction. These cells were for male prisoners awaiting trial; another building of the same character was built for females in 1861. Soon after the whole of the civic gaols were taken over by Government in 1878 Newgate was merged into Holloway and became its successor, empty except when the criminal courts were sitting, and after them until final effect had been given to any death decree. Now it is on the eve of complete extinction, and when the "New Bailey" replaces the "Old," Newgate will be no more than a memory of medievalism.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

ONE of the most successful generals of the day has described the British Army as composed of "good material badly matured." Many incidents which occurred during the late war led the public in England to the same conclusion, and the Government promised to remodel the system of Army training, as also to reorganise the War Office. So far the promise has not been fulfilled. It is supposed that Lord Roberts is to occupy the post of Commander-in-Chief only for a short while, and that the task of reforming the Army is reserved for his successor, who will certainly be the Duke of Connaught. That explains the delay. A great scheme of reorganisation is not formed in a day, or in a month. The public understands this, but it would be better pleased were some signs given by the authorities that the promised reforms have not been shelved.



MISSION STATION AND ANCHORAGE, ANIETUM ISLAND

As a member of the Royal House the Duke of Connaught has, of course, been specially favoured, but those who have watched his career, and who know the requirements of the Army, do not hesitate to say that no general of the day could better carry out the necessary reforms. His position would place him beyond the reach of social pressure, and that is an important matter. "Society" is a species of "Trades-Union"—indeed, it is the most powerful "Union" there is. An ordinary Commander-in-Chief who should attempt to interfere with the many and varied interests which "Society" has in the Army would soon find that he had undertaken a task the difficulties of which he had not fully foreseen. It is, moreover, improbable that he could overcome them. The Duke is absorbed in his profession; he realises how necessary reform is; and no social or other pressure could influence him. It is well that the public should bear those facts in mind, for a determined opposition is to be raised to the appointment. It is obviously ridiculous that a member of the Royal House should be precluded from holding the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Army merely because he is a Royal personage, though in other respects he be better suited for the appointment than any other general of the day.

Those who are behind the scenes in the Ministerial world declare that Mr. Austen Chamberlain—the newly appointed Postmaster-General—intends to introduce many novelties into his Department. There are several improvements which could be adopted from foreign countries, and apparently they are known to Mr. Chamberlain. It is certain that he has not accepted an appointment which attracts so much criticism and unpopularity without having decided to be an exception to the rule; in other words, that he has first considered the matter carefully, and has made up his mind to strike out boldly in a new direction.

Nineteen hundred and two has been a singularly successful year for the great art dealers of London—one millionaire is said to have already spent some seven hundred thousand pounds on works of art! Even were that an exaggerated account of his expenditure in this direction, it is known that art treasures have recently changed hands at prices which have never before been reached, and there is much reason for believing that the prices for the best works will rise still further. Looked at in this light it is evident that those who spend large sums in buying the finest art treasures are investing their money most profitably. The Rothschilds from a very early period recognised this, and in every country they have filled their palaces with works of art which must now be worth many times the sums they originally paid for them.

France and England in the New Hebrides

THE question between this country and France as to the future of the New Hebrides could be easily adjusted were it not for the attitude of our Australian Colonists, who have always objected most violently to anything like a French Protectorate over these islands, although they are near to and on the further side of New Caledonia, which has been a French Colony for a number of years. The alleged reason is, that the convict system of New Caledonia would be extended to the New Hebrides, and so, either by escape or discharge, many "undesirables" would be likely to find their way to Australian shores. But, as these islands are more remote than New Caledonia, the argument should be the other way. Probably the real reason will be found in the Presbyterian and Wesleyan communities



THE BURNING MOUNTAIN OF TAUNA ISLAND



THE FRENCH CAMP, HAVANNAH HARBOUR



ENTRANCE TO HAVANNAH HARBOUR



MAP OF THE NEW HEBRIDES

having their principal headquarters in Melbourne, who wish to keep their missionaries in the very influential positions many of them have managed to take to themselves in the New Hebridean Islands. Never having been formally annexed in the first place by either France or England, Colonists from both countries settled there, and now, for many years, the archipelago has been a bone of contention. The British Colonists are under the control of the Governor of Fiji in his capacity as High Commissioner of the Pacific, and as he can delegate his powers to the captain of a British man-of-war visiting the islands, any offender can be arrested by him and brought to trial before the Australian Courts. The French colonists, on the other hand, are not directly responsible to anyone for their acts, and so are in the habit of selling spirits and arms to the savage inhabitants, and of trafficking in black labour, both being strictly forbidden to the English Colonists under pain of severe punishment. A number of Conventions have been signed between the French and English Governments for the better regulation of the New Hebrides, but the difficulty is that, while the former naturally object to their becoming entirely British, as there is little doubt that, geographically, they are in close connection with New Caledonia, the latter are prevented from making any concession by the stand made by Australia against anything of the kind. The natives themselves are savages of the first water, fierce, blood-thirsty and addicted to cannibalism. If they murder a white man, the first French or English ship to come upon the scene deals out punishment according to a mutual agreement. It was on account of a massacre of French Colonists that troops were landed at Havannah Harbour and Malicolo in 1886. They remained there for some time, but eventually they returned to New Caledonia, as agreed in another Convention between France and England. The scenery of the New Hebrides is very beautiful. Many of the islands are mountainous, and all rich with tropical vegetation. There are few finer harbours in appearance than Havannah Harbour in Sandwich Island, though it cannot be considered as a good harbour owing to its enormous depth, which renders it—except in a few spots—useless as an anchorage. A curiously shaped island, known as "Hat Island," lies just off the entrance, and the eye is at once attracted as the harbour opens by the remarkably regular curve between the



THE RIVER MOUTH, ERROMANGA, FROM THE HILLS ABOVE THE MISSION STATION

twin mountains that tower up inland. The French troops had their camp up at the head of the harbour to the right hand on entering. They spent a very quiet and lonely existence there, rarely getting their mails from Noumea unless a British man-of-war happened to come up and bring them. They themselves must have blessed the day when they evacuated the islands. The southernmost of the group is Anietum, where there is a mission station at the head of a fine land-locked bay, closed to seaward by a small island and barrier reef. Erromanga is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful of all the islands. The coast in the neighbourhood of Dillon Bay, where there is a station of the Canadian Mission, is particularly attractive from seaward. Towering cliffs, whose broken surface is thickly covered with trees and vegetation, hem hedge the island till the mission is reached at the mouth of a river which winds away inland through a lovely wooded gorge. Though by no means the most important in the extent of its area, perhaps, Tauna Island is one of the best known of the group, on account of its famous burning mountain, whose flames by night and smoke-plume by day make it a magnificent leading mark for navigators. What the future of the New Hebrides will be it is impossible to guess. It can only be said that it is a pity for the Empire generally that Australia stood in the way when a proposal was mooted to settle the Newfoundland Question with France by concessions in the New Hebrides.

At the present moment French colonial circles are much exercised over the question of the islands in consequence of energetic action on the part of the Australian Commonwealth in the direction of bringing them under British control. It is pointed out that France only provides one ship to maintain communication with the islands, while England has three vessels engaged in that service. British immigration is steadily increasing, being vigorously promoted by Australia, which expended a sum of 18,000£ for that purpose last year. The French company established on the island, which had greatly assisted settlers of that nationality, has been obliged to liquidate its affairs. French colonial circles urge that the Government of the Republic should now adopt more effective measures for the promotion of French interests, particularly as the company already mentioned had begun to secure a firm footing on the islands. The proposed measures are the re-establishment of the company in question upon a new basis, the encouragement of French mercantile enterprise, the erection and support of French schools, the delimitation of the landed property in the possession of French citizens, the more frequent despatch of vessels from the Pacific station, the encouragement of trade with New Caledonia, and the promotion of French immigration.

Our Bookshelf

BOOKS ON DESIGNS*

IN writing of so eminent a master as Mr. Walter Crane, it seems somewhat of a superfluous remark to say that his two new books on design will prove of great value to students of Art. The substance of both volumes originally formed a series of lectures addressed to the students of the Manchester Municipal School of Art when the author was Director of Design at that institution. In "The Bases of Design," the main object of the writer "has been to trace the vital veins and nerves of relationship in the arts of design, which . . . springing from connected and collective roots, out of a common ground, sustain and unite in one organic whole the living tree. The tendency of the age is to specialise each branch of design, which thus becomes isolated from the rest, and Mr. Crane points out that though students and artists may in practice be intent upon gathering the fruit from some particular branch they desire to make their own, they should "never be insensible to its relation to other branches; its dependence upon the main stem is the source of its life at the root." Otherwise, he thinks there is danger of their work becoming too mechanical, or too narrowly technical, while as a collective result of such narrowness of view, the art of the age, to which each individual contributes, shows a want of both imaginative harmony and technical relation with itself when unity of effect and purpose is particularly essential, as in the design and decoration of both public and private buildings. In his first volume he starts, therefore, with the earliest form or basis of architecture, which he divides into three divisions, viz., the "Architecture of the Lintel" (or column and pediment), the "Architecture of the Round Arch," and, thirdly, the "Architecture of the Pointed Arch." From this he proceeds to the different "influences" that have affected design, such as the influence of conditions, the climatic influence, the symbolic influence, and the graphic influence or naturalism in design. In this progressive manner he begins with the simplest type of construction as shown by Stonehenge, and concludes with Michael Angelo's frescoes. The second volume treats of "Form and Line" in a masterly yet simple style. Equally progressive, too, are the lectures on this subject, commencing with the simplest outlines and concluding with designs both beautiful in form, colour, and minute detail. Interesting and instructive as are the lectures to the students of Manchester, they have been rendered more valuable in book form by the addition of a large number of diagrams, sketches, and reproductions of parts of pictures of the greatest masters.

"MISS QUILETT"

Mr. S. Baring-Gould's "Miss Quillet" (Methuen and Co.), without being a very good story, is exceedingly good reading. There is nobody who comes within touching distance of its author in whimsical extravagance of humour when he is in the vein; and the flighty Miss Quillets, the snobbish Mrs. Basileg, and the ill-used Mrs. Browne, are as good in their several ways as anything to be found in his "Court Royal." One only wishes that they had larger parts; nor they only, but many more of their fellow-characters who do little more than step upon the stage. The eldest Miss Quillet's story, the back-bone of the novel, is serious enough—her first experience as a Nurse without a vocation being the condemnation of

* Books on Designs. By Walter Crane. (Bell.)

her patient, an ambitious young lawyer, to life-long blindness solely through her selfish frivolity. The method and result of her expiation we shall leave to Mr. Baring-Gould to tell. It is pathetically true to human nature, and loses nothing in effect from the exuberance of the surrounding comedy. The author has done well to insist upon the absurdity of attempts to work among the sick or the poor on the part of those whose capacities for good and useful work lie altogether in opposite directions. There is plenty of humorous wisdom on the subject in these pages that well-meaning people cannot take to heart too strongly. But nobody need be alarmed by the suggestion of a moral or, for that matter, of several morals. The scenes and characters are so thoroughly entertaining that all other things may be left to take care of themselves.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND

A writer in *Mansel's Magazine* gives a little information to our friends across the Atlantic about the ways of those who gather together in country houses during the visiting season. On the hostess, of course, the brunt of the situation falls. "Her guests expect her to remember all their fads with respect to their rooms, their beds, their tray of nightly refreshments—so much so, in fact, that thoughtful bookshelves now provide neatly-bound manuscript books with proper headings wherein the much-harried entertainer can set down the fads and prejudices of each visitor for ready reference." Most hostesses bless "bridge," because it fills the afternoon

as well as the evening, and leaves her with welcome freedom while the game

has been seized on by women, not only to satisfy their gambling mania, but because with it they can keep the society of men. Most country amusements belong to the male sex, who are by no means anxious to share them with women, as it accentuates the rivalry between the sexes, and often brings man down from his pedestal of superiority in a way, more disconcerting than defeat. A man does not want women wapping his eye in the coverts or on a green moor; he may in a lordly way allow them to arrive with the luncheon baskets; but once that meal is over, he has no further need for the presence of petticoats, unless under exceptional circumstances.

As an instance of the tremendous vogue enjoyed by bridge, though this applies more particularly to town invitations, to "dinner and bridge" now so often take the place of invitations to "dinner and a play" that theatrical managers feel the difference acutely. To go back to country houses though, the hostess who takes her duties and responsibilities most seriously is seldom the recipient of much gratitude. The highest price vouchsafed, and that a trifle grudgingly, by those who have spent all the autumn and part of the winter "making a round" is usually "They do you well there." Visits nowadays are shorter than they used to be, but on the other hand there are more of them. Two facts contribute to the shortening of them, viz., the hostess's powers of endurance and

The unwritten law that no woman can appear twice during her visit in the same evening dress or tea gown. This, of course, for the average woman, places a definite limit on the possible length of her stay; it can only multiply as many evenings as there are frocks in her evening dress trunks, and then she must go in to exhibit them elsewhere. She is like a piano organ whose tunes are grand and cut in one street, and which is then wheeled into another, where the self-same tunes are ground out again.

It does not sound very attractive, and is not a picture calculated to impress our American cousins with its beauty and absence of snobbery. The pity of it is that it should all be so painfully true.

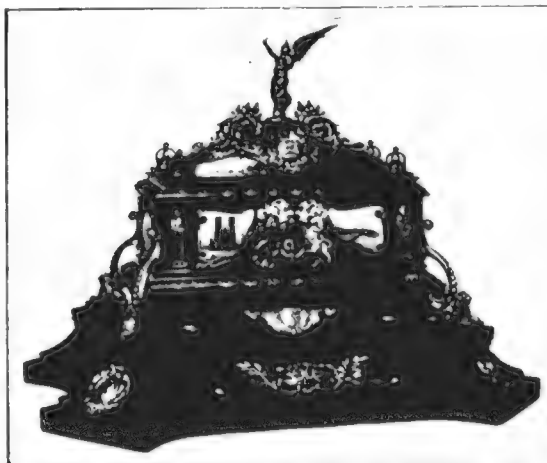
"JOHN OF GERISAU"

The best portions of Mr. John Oxenham's "John of Gerisau" (Hurst and Blackett) are its thrillingly brilliant battle-pictures of Weissenburg and Worth, with their attendant scenes of the opening of the last of the Great Wars. To make a real battle visible in words is among the most difficult, though often attempted, feats of fiction, and it has seldom been better achieved. We get the right and the whole impression, without either excess or neglect of detail. The personal plot of the novel is based upon too extravagantly improbable a coincidence, or, rather, multiplicity of coincidences, to be equally convincing. As, however, its interest is almost entirely dependent upon its secrecy, the reader must, as to this, be left to form his own conclusions after the enjoyment—which we may cordially promise him—of the many romantic and occasionally dramatic situations to which it gives rise. It may, however, be useful to mention that Gerisau is one of those principalities which have by now become so numerous as to require an extra supplementary volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and a revised map of Europe to themselves; and that no less a personage than Prince Bismarck is engaged for the part of the god from the machine. The novel is long, but the fault—so far as it is one—could easily be corrected by the excision of a tiresome dog, who insists upon thrusting a needless nose into nearly every page.

"BIRD'S NESTS"

"It is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Dixon in his Preface, "that notwithstanding the extreme popularity of the subject of Birds' Nests, no book has yet been published entirely devoted to these

* "Birds' Nests." By Charles Dixon. (Grant Richards.)



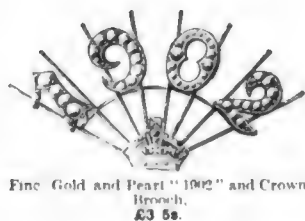
This casket, which contained an address from the Jewish community at Aden, bears on the obverse the full armorial blazon of His Majesty in colours, flanked on either side by views of Aden and Westminster Abbey. The reverse of the casket bears views of Windsor Castle and St. James's Palace on either side of the inscription in the centre panel. At either extremity are panels, containing respectively enameled portraits of the King and Queen in their Coronation robes. The cover, bearing at each corner models of the Imperial Crown, is surmounted by an angel, holding the tables of the law in one hand and offering the wreath with the other. The designing and modelling of the casket was entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, W.

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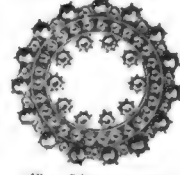
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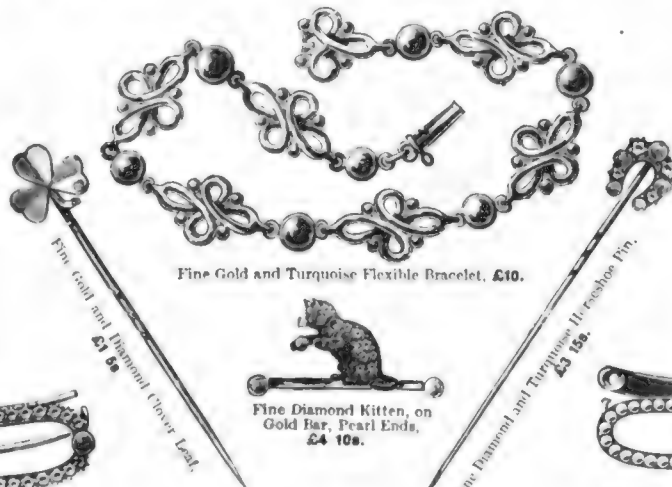
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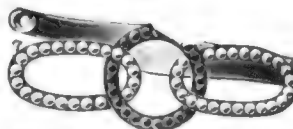
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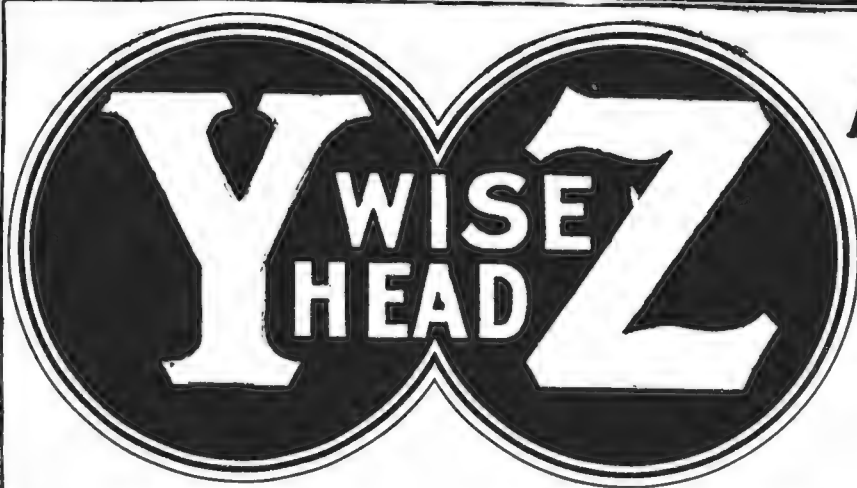
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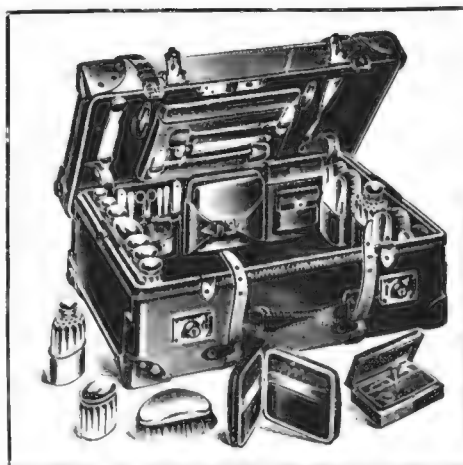
beautiful and curious objects. And yet their study—the science of caligraphy—is one of the most fascinating branches of ornithology. This omission has now been remedied by Mr. Dixon, who treats the subject in the most fascinating manner. "A bird's nest," he writes, "is the most graphic mirror of a bird's mind. It is the most palpable example of those reasoning, thinking qualities with which these creatures are unquestionably highly endowed." In his introductory chapter he dwells, at some length, on the instinct of birds and their sense of adaptiveness. He says that, although the fact is perhaps not generally known, many birds have not only changed their habits of nesting, but in some cases have completely altered the type of their nests. "Such change," he adds "is entirely at variance with any inherited habit, and shows that birds are constantly exercising their mental powers in adapting themselves to changing conditions of life." As an example of this, Mr. Dixon quotes the penguins of Tristan d'Acunha, which have, since the introduction of pigs into the island, sought safety for their eggs and young by changing the site of the nest from an open to a covered one.

"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

The fourth of the new volumes of "The Encyclopedia Britannica" ELE to GLA—includes several very important subjects. Since the ninth edition was published our knowledge of electricity, for instance, as an exact science, has progressed enormously, and the space devoted here to "Electric Conduction," "Units," "Currents," "Supply," "Waves," "Electric Discharge through Waves," "Electro Magnets and Electro Metallurgy," to mention some of the heads, would make a volume in itself and by no means a small one. Over 120 pages are given over to elaborate treatises on these topics, the latest information being carefully set forth by well-known authorities. "Elevators" again have developed wonderfully in recent years, and a fully illustrated paper explains the more modern forms. "Embryology" is a most interesting essay. "Engines" brings one to another subject, on which it will be a long while before the last word can be said. "England and Wales" enjoy some twenty-two pages, and "English History," by Sir Spencer Walpole, has another twenty-eight. Mr. Gosse contributes an admirable and most readable paper on "English Literature," Mr. Spielmann writes on "Engraving," Mr. Stephen Paget's article on "Experiments on Animals" will probably be read with interest by the anti-vivisectionists as well as by all who care for an admirable *résumé* of the results obtained in this branch of science. "France" monopolises nearly forty pages, and "Germany" rather more, for the exigencies of the alphabet demand that the three great European rivals, England, France, and Germany, should all come in one section of the "Encyclopedia." "Geology" is dealt with by Sir Archibald Geikie, while a chapter on "Flowers and Fruit Farming" deals with agriculture in one of its most modern aspects. The introductory essay this time is by Sir Leslie Stephen, and deals with "The Growth of Tolerance." It is less interesting than some of the essays which have gone before, because once you have said that we are more tolerant than in days gone by, and more ready to admit that there is some good in new creeds, whether religious, political, or scientific, you have practically exhausted the subject. There is, of course, one other point of view, and that raises the question whether the tolerance of to-day on which we pride ourselves really comes of breadth of view or only of apathy. If from the latter it would be better to pray for our old fine intolerance to be given back to us.

"THE VIRGINIAN"

Mr. Owen Wister's "The Virginian: A Horseman of the Plains" (Macmillan and Co.), is exceptionally notable, both as a novel and as a picture. Its author has caught life—as it was understood in Wyoming—just at that most picturesque of periods when the wild ways of civilisation's uncivilised pioneers are coming into that conflict, which means extermination, with the fashions of a newer if not a better world. He even explains that he has had to change the "is" and "have" of some of his separately published earlier chapters into "was" and "had," to fit his volume to the changes of a very few years. "What," he writes, more than half regretfully, "is become of the horseman, the cow-puncher, the last romantic figure upon our soil? For he was romantic. Whatever he did, he did with his might. The bread that he earned was earned hard, the wages that he squandered were squandered hard;" but "The cow-puncher's ungoverned hours did not unman him. If he gave his word, he kept it; Wall Street would have found him behind the times. Nor did he talk lewdly to women; Newport would have thought him old-fashioned. . . . A transition has followed the horseman of the plains: a shapeless state, a condition of men and manners as unlovely as is that moment of the year when winter is gone and spring not yet come, and the face of Nature is ugly. . . . Those who have seen it know well what I mean." And certainly nobody, in any state of things, was ever more splendidly equipped for the part of hero of romance as well as of reality than the Cowboy from Virginia for whose name the novel may be searched in vain. He is assuredly of no modern mould, either in speech or in action; but his simple



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A PRESENTATION TO LORD KITCHENER

greatness in duty, in friendship, in honour—in short, in all that greatness ever ought to mean—will be felt by the reader no less than by the young "schoolmarm" from straight-laced Vermont whose advent is the first breath of change. Mr. Wister's pre-eminent quality is pathos, especially that rarer form of it which takes the form of utterly unexpected joy. We could easily say much more of a work in which we shall assuredly not be alone in finding fascination, but we are sure we could say nothing more in the way of praise than all readers worth considering will say and feel for themselves.

"IMMORTAL YOUTH"

"I ought to know something of women," said George. He was quite indignant when Fullarton shrieked with laughter till the tears ran down his cheeks. "It may be that to save other Georges from being so unkindly treated by other Fullartons that Mr. Morley Roberts has written his new novel (Hutchinson and Co.). This particular George—George Vincent Lacy in full—is a young man from the country who comes up to London in order to become famous, and gets into a temporary tangle with a sculptor's model. However, he flounders out of it, and makes a good young woman happy. This portion of his career forms the text for much comment and counsel on the part of his Mentor, Mr. Parker Fullarton, who, having a long-standing *liaison* with the good young woman's married aunt, considers himself entitled to shriek with laughter at his pupil's man-of-the-world airs. Indeed, Mr. Roberts himself, whether speaking with Mr. Parker Fullarton's voice or with his own, is much too psychologically knowing to escape at least an occasional smile. The scene of his anecdote is laid in the Bohemia of the studios; which he depicts as a slush of dullness in respect of which the conventional comparison would be unfair to ditchwater. The novel, it must be owned, is curiously puerile, both in matter and manner. Still, it contains enough good things, mostly in the way of paradox, to entertain readers whose cynicism is not yet outgrown.

"THE MILL OF SILENCE"

Not a spark of lightness or humour alleviates the lurid frenzy in which the persons of Mr. Bernard Capes's "The Mill of Silence" (John Long) spend their lives from their cradles to their graves—especially to their graves, inasmuch as but one is left alive, or at least alone, at the end to tell the tale. "He jumped to his feet, gnashing his teeth and shaking his fists convulsively in the air," is the description of their normal behaviour: when really excited they murder at large. Nature, also, has a way of showing her sympathy with their moods by the machinery of floods and thunderstorms. None the less, the novel has real power, with its underlying suggestions of Nemesis and inexorable doom. To some extent, moreover, the plot is placed beyond the probabilities and other trammels of prose by the incarnation of fate in the fantastic form of the soulless child who drops as if from fairyland into the midst of the gloomy savages of the Silent Mill. On the whole, the novel is one that will be found better on reflection than in perusal: a distinction of a decidedly unusual kind.

"PHIL MAY'S ANNUAL"

This year's edition of "Phil May's Summer Annual" is again full of clever drawings by the famous humorist, and it is to Mr. May's credit that his drawings are nearly always wedded to excellent jokes. The "Annual" is a capital publication to while away a holiday hour—though the stories are rather painfully amateurish.

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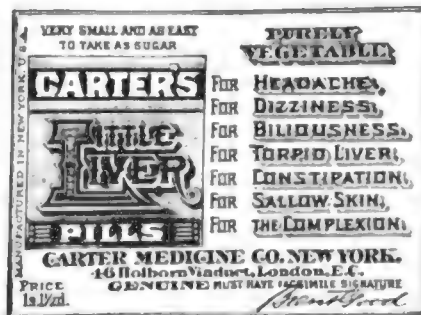
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Books of Reference

ALL who are interested in the West African Colonies will do well to secure "The West African Year Book" (Moorgate Publishing Company, the issue of which, for 1902, is just published. The book first appeared in 1901 and met with a most favourable reception. This year it has increased in size considerably—from 300 to 561 pages. There is much in the volume that is of great interest, there being a mass of information about our West African possessions not easily to be found elsewhere.—"Seaside Watering-Places" (L. Upcott Gill), which is now published for the twenty-sixth successive year, is an admirable book of reference for those who are in search of a pleasant spot in which to spend a holiday. It contains a description of holiday resorts on the coasts of England and Wales, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man, giving full particulars of them and their attractions, and a mass of information likely to assist the reader in selecting a place according to his taste in which to spend his holiday. The book has the additional merit of being published at a very reasonable price.—"Andrew Thomson's Yachting Guide and Tide Tables" (Andrew Thomson), the issue for 1902 of which is just published, is too well known to need recommendation. In a small compass, it contains a wonderful mass of well-arranged information invaluable to yachts-

men.—"The Advertiser's Guardian" (Thomas Dixon) is published for the twenty-fourth successive year. Besides being a valuable guide to advertisers, the book contains much that is interesting to the general reader. The writer, in showing the power of advertisement, quotes examples of firms who began advertising with a monthly expenditure of 2*l.* or 3*l.*, and who now (after twenty-four years) spend as much as from 250*l.* to 1,000*l.* a month.—"The Bernese Oberland" (T. Fisher Unwin), by G. Hasler, the first volume of which is just published, is one of the Conway and Coolidge's Climbers' Guides, and treats of the region between the Gemmi and Monchjoch. Three more volumes are to follow. The book is very neatly got up and is of a convenient size for the pocket. The writer is enthusiastic on his subject and is anxious that the Oberland Alps may never become "the paradise of the second-class climber." Not only is the book a "guide" but it contains a complete bibliography of the region dealt with, and record of the ascents of the various peaks. The guide seems to us admirable from every point of view.—From Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., we have received four "Gossipy Guides," namely, the London and District, Edinburgh and District, the English Lakes, and Paris and Environs. The guides are well illustrated and contain excellent maps. They are, too, very readable. A coupon for a free accident Insurance for

500*l.* is offered to purchasers of these guides, which cost the modest sum of one shilling.—The summer issue of "The Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors and Deer Forests of Scotland" (118, Pall Mall), edited by J. Watson Lyall, has now reached its thirtieth year of publication. The book contains capital indexes of fishings and shootings, hotels and railway stations. The addition of two good maps help to make the guide complete.—Of Ward, Lock and Co.'s Shilling Guide-Books we have received new editions of those to Lowestoft, Penzance and the Scilly Islands, Llandudno and North Wales and Switzerland. These Guides, which are furnished with good maps and plans, and contain a number of illustrations, are printed in clear type, tell you exactly what you want to know, and are, in short, the best of shilling guides.—"A Guide to Epsom and the Epsom District," by Gordon Home, forms the subject of Vol. XVII. of the series of "Homeland Handbooks" issued by the Homeland Association. It is written in a pleasing style, and contains numbers of illustrations and a good map.—Two volumes of Mr. Grant Richards's "New Guides" have appeared—"The River Thames to London and Oxford," by G. E. Milton, and "South-West Cornwall," by F. E. Bicknell. The former contains some capital maps, much interesting information about the towns on the river and some very useful practical hints.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE sunless August of 1902 is a calamity. It has lowered the vitality of millions, and its effects have not been escaped when we note a very low death rate. Sudden death is always rare, and nine-tenths of August's mortality must be ascribed to causes set up in previous months. Not improbably the evil summer will give us a high death rate all through the autumn and winter. The effect of the dull days and frequent heavy showers has been gravely to reduce the quality of the cereals. Reckoning seven million quarters of wheat, nine million quarters of barley, and 21,000,000 quarters of oats as reduced 1s. per quarter in quality value we have a money loss of 1,850,000l. on this item alone. Many good market judges put the depreciation at half-a-crown per quarter. In the potato fields disease has made rapid strides, and, we regret to

say, that it is still spreading. Against these untoward events have to be set green lawns and the promise of a liberal aftermath of hay.

HAY AND STRAW

Some good new English rye straw has made 40s. per ton, but no new wheat straw is on offer as yet. Very low prices for forage are expected to prevail for some months to come and this has stimulated purchases of sheep and cattle for fattening. France and Holland are competing for English custom with offers of new first cut clover at 75s. per ton. Canadian hay at 70s. per ton is difficult to sell, yet this price does not, we believe, pay the grower for his trouble. A lot of English hay, badly knocked about and water-stained, is on offer at 50s. to 55s. per ton. This, of course, is as dear to the man who does not know how to treat it as it is cheap to the clever farmer with drying appliances and skilled labour at his command. Really prime old meadow hay is worth 5l. per ton, and good new lucerne 65s. to 70s. per load.

DAIRY SHOW NEW RULES

Intending exhibitors this autumn should read the new rules most carefully. No cow or heifer will be allowed in the Hall unless she has calved fourteen days before the opening day of the Show. A certificate verifying last date of calving must accompany the entry. No prizes will be given to any animals in future unless they attain a certain minimum standard of merit, so that a poor section will go prizeless, and not, as hitherto, be headed by prize-winners, just as though there had been a keen competition. All animals reaching a certain standard will receive the Society's diploma, which is called somewhat strangely "The Commendation Card." It is urged by some breeders that the Dairy Show Committee's new rules also favour Keries and Dexters at the expense of English breeds, and favour English cattle at the expense of Ayrshires. Into this technical matter we need not be drawn.



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